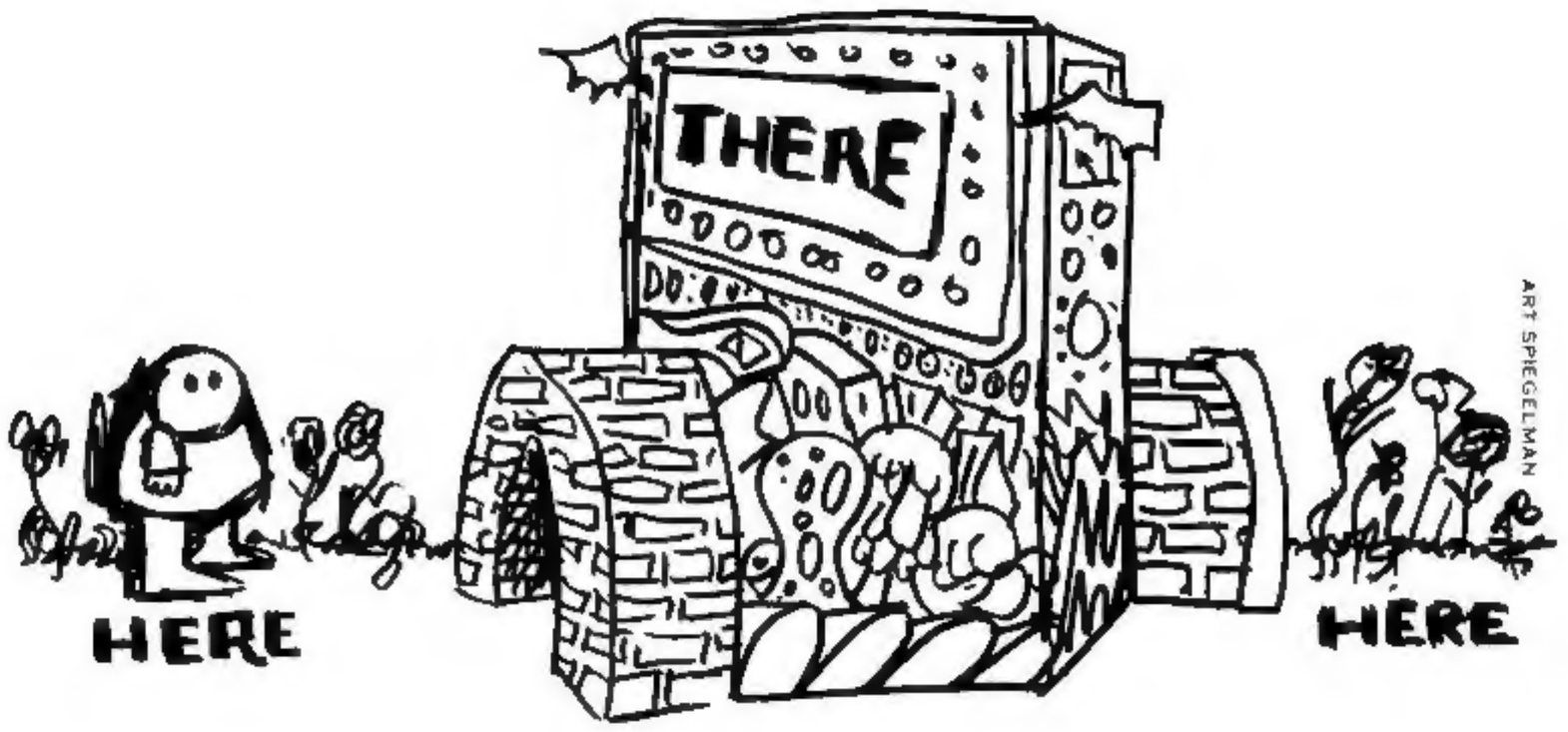
# witzend

NUMBER 5

$1.00

EDITORS
WALLACE WOOD
BILL PEARSON
ED GLASSER

# PRESENT THE WITZEND CONTENTS PAGE




EDITORIAL

## AMAZING! NATURE'S SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

Much as we'd like to pretend that this magazine is in competition with any of the dozens of regular, high quality, mass circulation magazines on the market, it just isn't. Our schedule is, at best, laughable. We boast few of the extras like type, color, or photography. We don't have many pages, and few of our contributors are world famous authorities. We don't offer any reduction or premium to subscribers, no matter how far in advance they order at our clearly exorbitant price. And to top it all off, our laggard responses to your letters are frequently nasty.

What have we got to offer as incentive for support, then?

It's simply this: that in an era and a culture in which you are cross-referenced in myriad significant classifications; in which sober, respectable citizens metamorphize your identity into mathematical equations, and feed you into machines; in which the individual is the target of society....this magazine isn't aimed at you.

We don't give a damn who you are. We don't care how fat you are or whether you go bowling every Friday night, once in a while, not very often, or never. We don't care if you stuff pandas for a living, keep scrapbooks full of rare salmon bones, or have dandruff, bad breath, tired blood, or fallen arches. You've got to find us!

Not many of our offerings would be accepted elsewhere. Few commercial magazines could accept a personal statement of several pages which didn't contribute to the specific image the magazine was trying to project, in the service of its sponsors and advertisers.

What do we offer? The small time. Peanuts. A hodgepodge of trifles. A niche of anomalousness in a wall of grand symmetry.

Welcome, stranger.

---

Witzend is a frontline quarterly publication of the Wonderful Publishing Company, Inc., Box 682, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023. See inside back cover for subscription and other impertinent information.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY ROTH

Limited edition: 5000 copies, issue #5 October, 1968.

Entire contents copyright ©1968 by Wonderful Publishing Company, Inc. Reproduction or use in any manner, without written permission, is prohibited.

# The World of the Wizard King

by wallace wood

**Resume:**

Odkin the sly, an elf of the Peepl, has been coerced by the disembodied wizard Weer to retrieve the magic sword, Ironsteel, from the Tree of Death—into which it had been driven centuries earlier by Aristos, King of the World.

## Chapter Two
## "Shadows With Eyes"

Odkin was not overly given to contemplation, being essentially a pragmatist, but now, as he stood in the unnatural twilight, he was troubled. Various thoughts and emotions, confusing and contradictory, wrestled within him, and he was certain of only one thing— he was not going to give up the sword!

Copyright © Wallace Wood 1968

"I risked my neck for it," he reasoned, "and it is mine. After I have sharpened it to a point, it will make a proper elf sword." But immediately upon making that decision, the problem arose of confronting the wizard Weer. "He is capable of great magic," the elf mused soberly, "but he must be limited in his power or he would have come here to get the sword himself."

Was the blade enchanted? Was it protected by the Wizard King's age-old curse? While he did not automatically discount magic, neither did he exert himself unduly to find magical explanations for things that could as well be explained as natural phenomena.

His inability to pull the blade from the tree he had easily dismissed thus: "It was driven in by the arm of a mighty warrior, the great Wizard King! No wonder the strength of an elf was not equal to the task!" But now he was less sure, for the darkening of the sky had followed promptly upon his act—and the sword had begun to glow!

He flourished the weapon, and was rewarded by an arc of light; an eerie, cold fire that sliced the surrounding branches of the dead tree as it passed. At the same moment, a tingle ran up his arm, and his whole body coursed with an overwhelming feeling of strength and confidence. A thought came: "If it is indeed magic, it means that I am not good, or I would have been able to withdraw it easily. But," he concluded, observing the white skulls half hidden in the grass, "neither am I evil, for it did not kill me."

Then a faint sound brought him instantly back to his situation. It was the Queen. She was awake, regarding him with wide eyes, her lips parted as if attempting to speak. But there was no real need for words, however grand--for the look she bestowed him was like an electric charge that petrified his mind and sent a hot flush of desire coursing into his bloodstream. "Aristos...." she began, but so quietly the winds enveloped it, and only the eloquent candor of her lips gave the message its genuine meaning. "My love...."

Shaking himself alert from the lethargy of her passionate spell, Odkin silenced her with a gesture, whispering, "Not now! We must get out of here!" He severed her bonds with the broken blade; noting as he did so that its edge was still razor sharp. She tottered and seemed about to fall, so he put his arm about her and supported her to the stairway. Though she was a full head taller than the elf, her slim body seemed virtually weightless as he half-carried, half-led her to the platform next to the aperture by which he had entered.

He was about to climb through, when Weer's voice hissed, "The sword! Pass the sword through first!" and Odkin became aware that the darkness outside the port was blacker, more intense than the surrounding gloom. It was the total absence of light of Weer's doorway. Odkin shrank back. "No, he decided, "I will not!" and led the unresisting Queen down the stairs to the courtyard. "The only exit now is past the guard..."

The Ogre dozing at the doorway never woke again. Pausing only long enough to divest him of his weapons, Odkin and his fair pawn from the past stepped over his body, and were lost in the night.

The hours that followed were a nightmare. They ran, stumbled and staggered on through the darkened, barren countryside, and all about them strange phantoms shuffled and snickered in the long shadows of the damson-hued sundown. From time to time they sought concealment as monstrous, indefinable shapes loomed in their path; and overhead came the intermittent rustle of leathery wings. It seemed that all the creatures of hell were abroad, seeking them. Abruptly, the Queen grabbed Odkin's arm, pointing upward with a choking, wordless gasp. Odkin looked up at the sky—and stopped, paralyzed with fear. An enormous face filled the heavens, from horizon to horizon, staring down at the earth below with searing, hate-filled eyes.

It was the Demon-God Horrob; his ugly, inhuman countenance suffused with a greenish glow, and the direction of his gaze appeared to be turning toward them. "The sword!" thought Odkin, terrified, "He will spot the radiance of the sword!" Quicker than thought, he drove the blade into the ground. As it disappeared from view, it seemed that the eyes of the god were staring directly at the barren, rock-strewn area where they crouched, trembling. "Don't move!" breathed the woman into his ear, "He may overlook us. I doubt that he can sustain this effort for long." Minutes passed in an agony of apprehension, and then the elf observed that she was right; that the huge face had begun to recede. Almost imperceptibly at first, but with ever increasing speed it shrank and withdrew toward the skyline to the south, and finally vanished.

"Even a God has limitations," she observed, then turned her gaze toward her rescuer, and her expression was unfathomable in the gloom. "But now I must know—what is your name, elf?"

"I am called Odkin the sly by the Peepl. But—you are an elf also, are you not, your majesty?"

"Half elf," she replied shortly. "But you need not address me so formally. A Queen without a throne is just a person after all, so you may as well just call me Elva. Now—let us be gone!" Removing his sword from its sheath of soil, Odkin continued his march, Elva following a pace behind.

They proceeded without incident, until inevitably the terrain changed character quite drastically. To the right, a wooded slope offered deeper forest—to the left sloughed an eerie, mist-shrouded swamp. He was inclined toward the less foreboding trees when he saw them. In the darkness, midst the branches and shrubbery, dark, indistinguishable shapes were drifting, and in each of them, twin points of light gleamed like coals. Odkin hesitated; then, pushing Elva in guidance, whispered, "Quick—into the Fen!"

Praying that the shadowy things had not seen them, they slipped warily through the darkness and the fog. As they labored ahead, clutching each other for support, they saw a shadow across the bank of a pudding-like mudhole, moving with uncanny speed and a curious flowing motion. Odkin felt the hair on the back of his neck bristle, for he became suddenly aware that it was a shadow cast by no solid being. A shadow with eyes!

Odkin wondered aloud. "Why do they not attack?"

"Perhaps they cannot," Elva replied. "Being of shadow substance, perhaps all they can do is spy on us—and report." She finished with a startled exclamation, and Odkin's gaze followed hers to a cluster of vine-entwined boulders. A tiny man, small even by elf standards, stood regarding them for a moment, then disappeared.

"One of the Fenmen," she whispered, "Perhaps we are under their protection now—and they are as powerful as they are elusive."

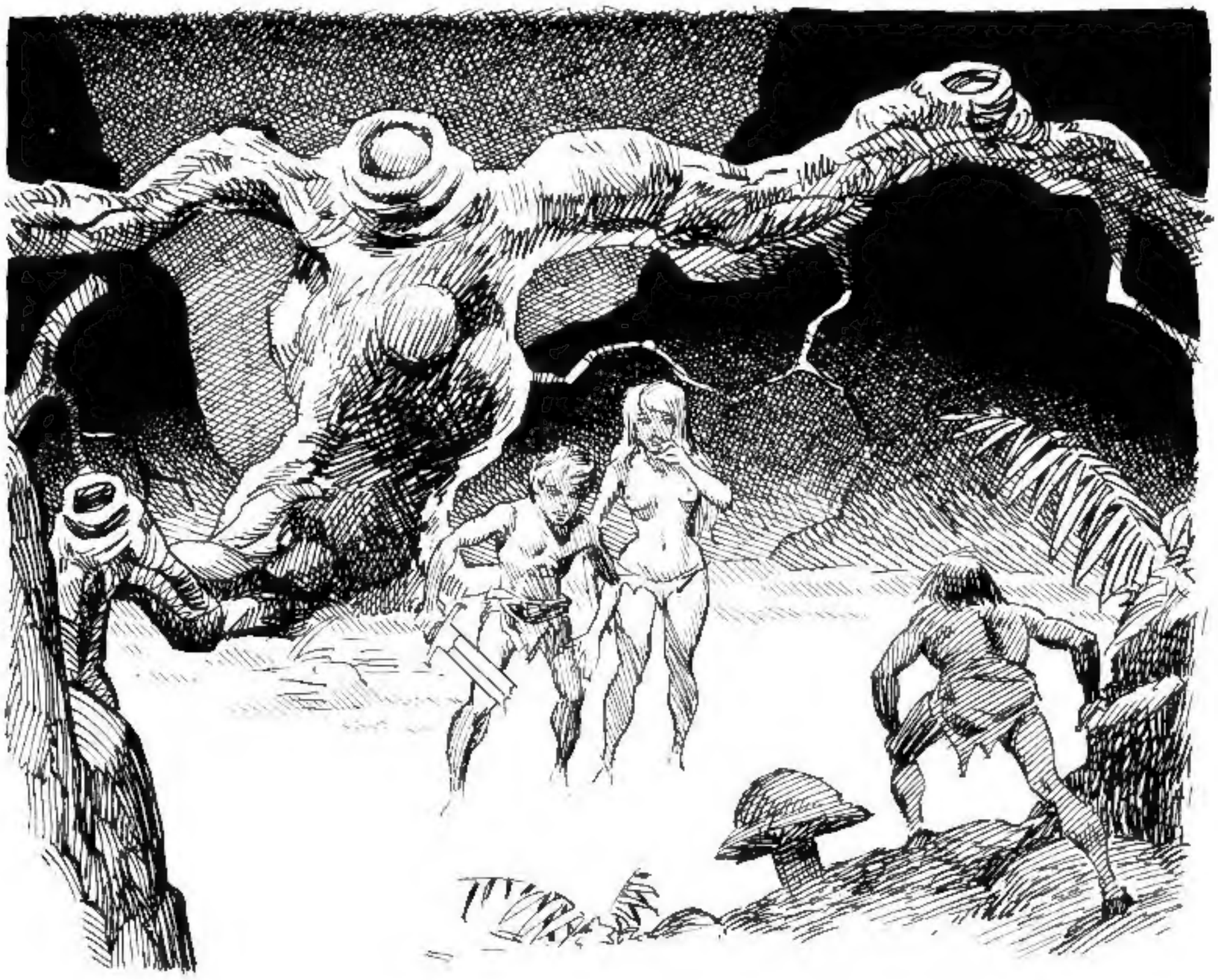
"I sincerely hope so, if what you say of them is true. In any case we can go no farther among these treacherous bogs in the dark. We must find concealment and shelter."

They did so, in a huge hollow tree, where they curled up, hugging each other close for warmth and reassurance. Shamelessly, and with none of the decorum usual to her rank, Elva wrapped both arms and legs around the slim body of her rescuer, and rubbed her naked torso against his, both for comfort and erotic reward.

Sundown had brought a chill as the shrill winds whisked the surfaces of the stagnant swamp pools, but the two naked elves enjoyed postures of togetherness, until all threat of freezing was past. Exhausted as they were, sleep did not come at once, and they conversed in low, murmuring voices for a long time. He told her briefly of his life and of the Peepl. She, in turn, recounted the events of that distant time when Aristos reigned, and of his downfall. "I do not know as much as I should of the danger threatening us," she admitted. "I was a pampered, vain little girl, more interested in my wardrobe than with statecraft or wizardry. I do know, though, that Horrob was an ancient, pre-cataclysmic entity, but a demon of no great authority in my era. Iam was omnipotent. Now I suppose Iam is dead, Horrob is the Supreme Being, and the traitor, Lord Zor, is his High Priest and King of the World. I fear my husband the King made a mistake when he commanded Zor to await his return in his final enchantment, for he has, in effect, made him immortal, and has given him centuries to consolidate his power.

"However, now the spell is broken and things are beginning to happen.... Not according to the prophecy, and some of them are dark and terrible things, but I feel that you have begun a chain of events that will undo the power of these monsters and restore my good Aristos to the throne."

"Unless he is dead—" Odkin began.



"He cannot die," she stated, matter-of-factly, "he can be defeated, dismembered, bound by the greatest enchantments, but this is one thing I know for certain... There is no way to destroy the marvel of his immortal body, or snuff out the spark of life. You are not Aristos, my husband, but it is you who awakened me from the spell which had kept me a prisoner for so many centuries, and it is to you I must be faithful, until he truly returns. Oh, Odkin, you must help! You have in your possession one of his greatest works of magic." She caressed the sword, which lay next to them, glowing faintly. "It will focus the attention of all the natural and supernatural forces of Zor upon you, but it is also your protection.... It can shield you from spells, cut through magic-protected defenses, and kill magical creatures that cannot be harmed by ordinary weapons."

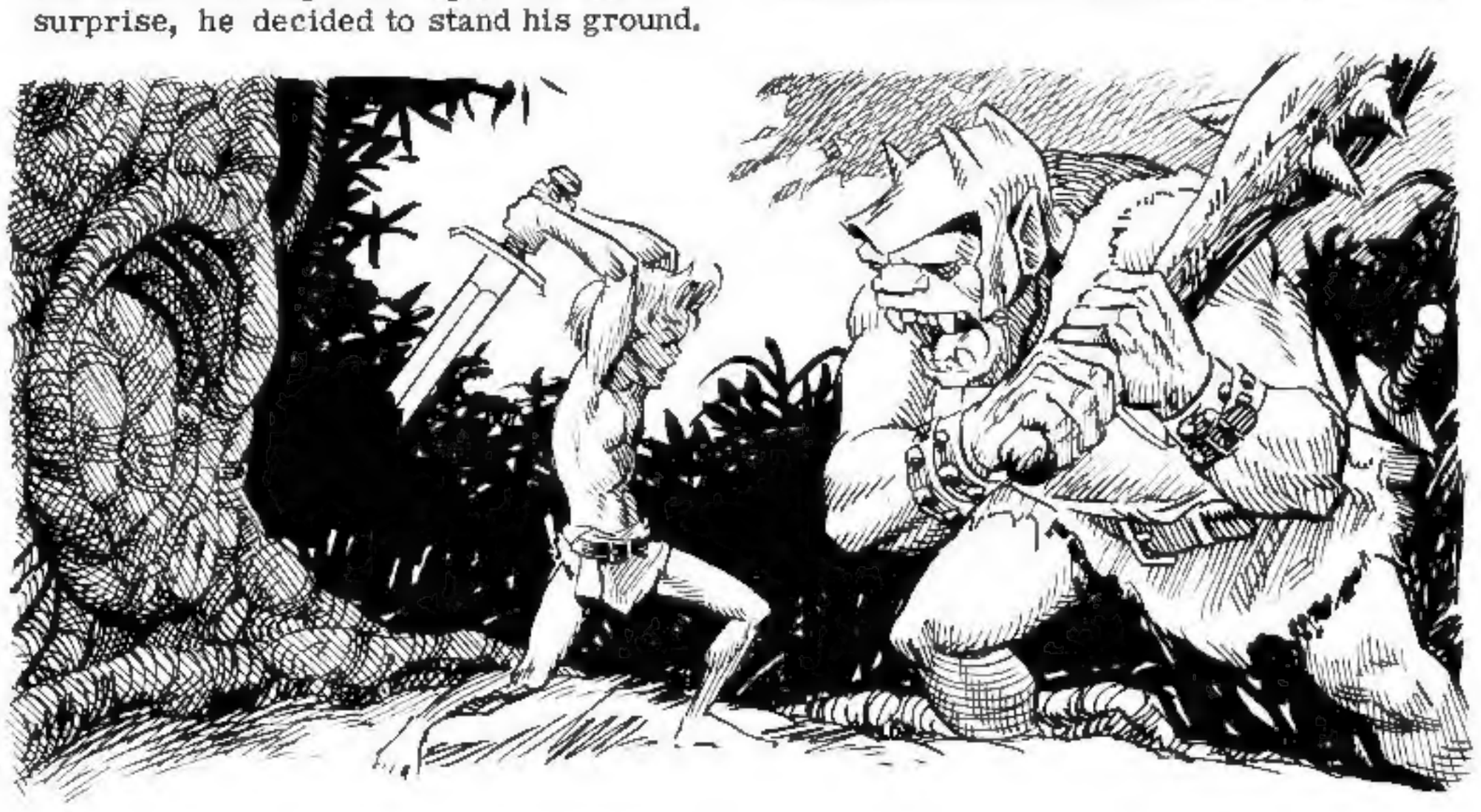
"I do not think I want it," Odkin said, after some deliberation. "I did not volunteer for this somewhat dubious honor, and I'm afraid I place a definite selfish value on my life, which prevents me from being whole-heartedly concerned with your King or the fate of the World."

"I do not think you will find it that simple," she replied, with a patient smile. "Zor's minions will still pursue you, for once you have touched the sword, some of its potent force will forever cling to you, and attract the attention of these dark beings as a flame draws insects." Then she turned away, her knees drawn up, her face buried in her arms.

Odkin regarded her with mixed feelings. She was the stuff of legends, ancient beyond folklore, yet new-born. He somehow could not believe that the slender, elfish figure nestled in his embrace had been asleep for centuries, had been a great Queen, and with a great sense of unreality upon him, snuggled against her warm back, and was soon fast asleep.

A shadow fell across his face, and Odkin was awake, blinking in the hazy sunlight of the fen. Though still befuddled by sleep, he was out of the tree, sword in hand, before he quite knew the nature of the threat.

An Ogre, twice his size, loomed over him, swinging a huge club studded with spikes; and died, as Ironsteel split his skull from crown to chin. Immediately as he crumpled, impaled upon his own fearsome weapon, rustling sounds in the undergrowth gave evidence that the brute had not come alone; and the elf was faced with the choice of flight or fight. To his own surprise, he decided to stand his ground.



All his long life he had wholeheartedly subscribed to the attitudes of the Peepl, as expressed in their platitudes: "Life without honor is still life." "Courage is like a precious metal—rare, and not to be squandered." In fact, they employed the identical word for "hero" and "idiot." Later, Odkin was to wonder what madness had possessed him, but now he brandished the magic sword, and stood in a half-crouch, pointy little molars bared, and as surly an expression upon his face as he could muster with the delicate features of his breed.

"A rash rascal, that one," came a new voice. A withered old gentleman stepped forward from the tangle of trees which surrounded their bower of the night. "Better he's been done away with than to accompany me undisciplined and impetuous."

He offered a charming salute with his disarming smile, this elderly, white-bearded gnome. He carried a tattered cloak about his carcass...a prominent vermillion wart upon his nose.

Odkin, meanwhile, held his stoic pose, stained sword at the ready, carefully anticipating the slightest sign of attack.

"Greetings, my little one." he began. (A metaphrase not at all likely to ingratiate him with one of the Peepl) "Be at ease," he continued, stepping over the body of the dwarf, "for you must die, and there is no way to escape your destiny."

In answer, Odkin's blade sliced the old fellow's head from his shoulders, as neatly as the practiced administration of a skillful green grocer. He watched the body adjust to a slightly altered center of gravity, but it gave no indication of falling; and from inside the cloak came the unmistakable sounds of a muted "Tsk Tsk."

Behind him, a sob of anguish gave evidence that Elva shared a horrified appreciation of the spectacle which followed. With utmost aplomb, the decapitated transient untied the single clasp of his cloak, neatly withdrew the familiar disembodied head of Weer from the cavity of his chest, and placed it almost casually in the posimost common for that portion of anatomy.

From the mist-muddied undergrowth came more of Weer's cohorts, undisturbed by the recent circumstances, and surely responsive only to the wizard's commands. Odkin hardly accorded them notice, for his attention was riveted on the sinister subtleties of Weer's ageless, but ancient, countenance.

"You've acquired considerable skill, my mortal friend, but I've waited these many generations... I could wait the whole of yours with a yawn. Give me the sword now and I may feel disposed to be lenient with you." His lips betrayed a smirk; his darkly arched brows framing even darker etched eyes.

Odkin backstepped slowly, without dropping his guard, as the wizard's ugly henchmen closed in behind him. He was not afraid. For the first time, the sly elf thought he recognized a mojor disability in the powers of his foe.

Hopping onto a serpentine root of their hollow tree, Odkin moved next with such speed that not Elva, the ogres, or Weer knew what he had done until some minutes later. Loosening his grip on the sword for only a moment, it took but one moment longer to whip the cloak over Weer's startled face and heave it out into the bog.

"Your Highness!" Odkin cried, "We must make haste!" He pulled her from the crotch of the tree, and smacked her soundly on her Queenly behind with the flat of his magic sword, as emphasis to the command. She raced deeper into the fens, her brave hero on her heels, wishing desperately that she could proceed just a little bit faster.

"That maneuver should keep them occupied for awhile," Odkin exclaimed with some glee; and sure enough, the sounds of pursuit were growing fainter behind them.

Yet his victory was shortlived, for no sooner had they traveled a few hundred yards than the Queen screamed again! Her steps chosen in panic, she had stepped into a quagmire, and the slimy ooze was slowly drawing her under.

"Odkin! Oh, Odkin—Help me! Save me! She cried, as the mud reached her waist. Odkin, sick with sudden terror, feeling each plea like a dagger in his chest, ran about frantically looking for anything he could use to reach her.

"OdddKinnn!" She wailed, and tears filled her eyes as the pressure against her ribs made each breath more painful than the last. He found a low, narrow branch, which he severed with one blow. Quickly he thrust it toward her, and expelled a great sigh of relief as she caught hold of it; and he began to pull her out.

"Oh, NO! Damn the Gods!" he moaned, as the branch parted; and a moment later she was gone. The pain in his chest exploded and he fell to the ground, sobs racking his small body.

A rustling sound brought him to his senses, and the will to survive took command. The foremost of the hunters was almost upon him, and others appeared as he looked up. There were Ogres, Weremen, Trolls, Demon Elves, and Pre-men, creatures of all shapes and sizes, but all marked by a strange, vacant bloodlust.

So it began. With an anguished cry of rage and grief, he launched himself at them eagerly. Heedless of personal injury, the blazing blade, Ironsteel, cut a bloody swath, severing swords and helmets, heads and arms with equal ease. Dozens, then scores of bodies piled up before him. The sword was the will and the way.... his limbs merely untiring slaves of a destruction machine.

Time lost all meaning as he abandoned himself to an orgy of killing, and the blade did not stop its whistling scream of death until none stood before him. All of the band lay dead, save two crippled ogres trying to crawl away, whom Odkin dispatched without qualm.

Elva was dead, that was all he could remember. His head slumped to his chest and he surveyed the results of his carnage dispassionately. Spattered with gore from head to foot, he became suddenly aware that some of it was his own.

"You've won your point, elf, and it was quite a show...." It was the wind, a shrill, unworldly wind that spoke to Odkin in the voice of Weer. "But I'll have the last word...."

"Enough!" roared Odkin, as he slashed at the air. "You're helpless without mortal assistance—as long as I carry this sword. Depart! Leave me to my grief!"

But before he was gone, the wizard stirred a whirlwind which whistled and shrieked until the frail victor feared his ears would burst.

Just as suddenly, it was gone, and the quiet of the swamp was as cold as the corpses that littered it.

Staunching the flow of blood from his cuts by plastering them with mud, the haggard elf hobbled back through the gnarled foliage of the swamplands. From the nightmare into the quietude of a dream, he sought the purity of sunlight, and only blind instinct saved him from the quagmires as he made his way unsteadily out of the Fen.

How long he travelled he could never know, the days and nights blending into one long safari of pain, hunger, and fatigue. Still he staggered on, sleeping only when he fell exhausted to the ground. He did not know these lands, and the thought of meeting ferocious strangers filled him with equal dread to the prospect of finding no one. At last he realized he could go on no longer, and he slumped to the ground, still conscious but unable to move; and he knew that he was dying.

To be continued

# THE JUNKWAFFEL INVASION OF KRUPPENNY ISLAND

GEDDIM

WATCH IT STUPID, DAT TOAD IN THERE IS STILL ALIVE!..YOU KEEP POAKIN' YOUR FAT MOUTH IN AN HE'S GONNA' BLOW IT OFF... LET'S TOSS IN A POTATO MASHER.....

NO, NOW QUIET I CAN TALK THA' CREEP OUT... ...AY TOAD?.. COMEON OUT TOAD!..YOU COME OUT AN YOU'LL GET SOME CHOCOLATE AN CIGARETTES...REAL JUNKWAFFEL CIGARETTES...

POP POP PUNT POW

VAUGHN BODE' 68

OKAY, I COMIN' OUT, LIZARD!.. I IS THROWIN DOWN MY GUN AN SURRENDERIN' ACCORDIN' TO DA ARTICLES OF WAR... ...YOU AHH, YOU SURE YOU GONNA' LAY SOME CHOCOLATE AN STUFF ON ME IF I COMES OUT?....

I SAID I WOULD DIDN'T I?...

HERE I IS...GIMME' MY CHOCOLATE...

PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH

© copyright 1968 by VAUGHN F. BODE'

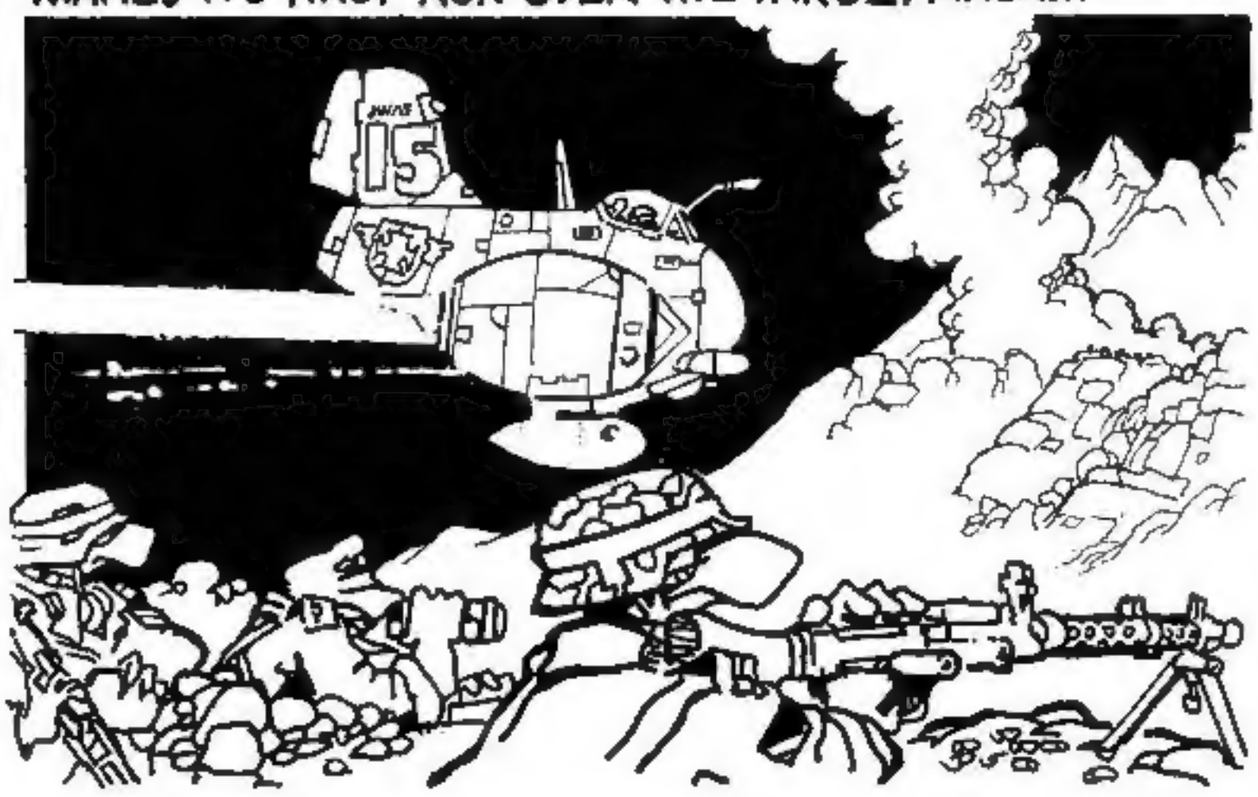
MORE CHOCOLATE?.. HEY, HOW COME YOU USIN' 9MM ARMOR PIERCING AMMO ANYWAY?

BUR'VARRRRUP!

BOOM TAK TAK TAK PUNT

ALWAYS USE IT.. NEVER CAN TELL WHEN SOME SMELLY TOAD GONNA COME ALONG AN SURRENDER WHEN HE'S STILL WEARIN' HIS ARMOR VEST...

THE JUNKWAFFEL PARATROOPERS PUSH INLAND WITH LIGHT RESISTANCE UNTIL THEY REACH A LOW RANGE OF ROCKY HILLS...THE TOADS ARE SO DEEPLY ENTRENCHED THE LIZARD GROUND FORCES HAVE TO CALL FOR AN AIR-STRIKE...THE AIRFORCE **POLLYWOG-17** FIGHTER-BOMBER MAKES ITS FIRST RUN OVER THE TARGET AREA...




YOU MAY SCOFF WHEN I TELL YOU THE STATISTICS OF THIS FIERCE, BUT TINY WAR...YOU MAY THINK THIS WAR IS UNIMPORTANT WHEN COMPARED TO THE ENORMOUS CONFLICTS THAT RAGE ACROSS THE SURFACES OF VAST PLANETS, EVEN WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEMS...YOU MAY INDEED WONDER IF THIS WAR AGAINST THE TOADS ON KRUPPENNY ISLAND IS SIGNIFICANT IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF LIZARD EXPANSION IN THE GALAXY...**IT ISN'T!**..THIS WAR IS OF **NO** CONSEQUENCE WHATEVER!..THE WHOLE ACTION WILL NEVER BE MENTIONED ON THE NEWS OF THE SMALLEST PLANETS!..TO THE BILLIONS OF JUNKWAFFEL AND OTHER GIANT LIZARD RACES, KRUPPENNY HAS NO MEANING..IS IT THEN, A BLOODY SENSELESS CONFLICT?.. **NOT ENTIRELY**, NOT WHEN IT SERVES AS A FIRST VEHICLE OF INTRODUCTION TO EARTH, TO YOU...

**THIS WAR**, THIS AWFUL, THIS TINY, THIS **AWFUL TINY WAR** IS STAGED FOR YOUR BEGINNING COMPREHENSION OF THE UNCOMPREHENDABLE ENORMITY OF THE **GALACTIC LIZARD**...

**WHAT** OTHER MORE SUITABLE APPROACH CAN ONE USE?.. COULD I EFFECTIVELY SHOW A TYPICAL JUNKWAFFEL WAR THAT INVOLVES **70,000** INFANTRY DIVISIONS?... OF COURSE NOT, UNCOMPREHENDABLE, TOO ALIEN TO OUR FIXED PROPORTIONALIZED MENTALITIES...

I THINK IT BEST WE DWELL ON A CONTROLABLE SCALE, A WAR THAT INVOLVES **36 LIZARDS** AND **50 TOADS**.....

POP
ROGER, GROUND COMMAND, I PUT TWO CANS OF NAPALM IN DAT TRENCH...OVER... UM?..AHH...NEGATIVE, I WANT TO MAKE A CANNON PASS BEFORE YOU MOVE YOUR PEOPLE UP....OVER....
CRACK
SSSSS

IF THERE IS A NATURAL ORDER IN THE UNIVERSE IT MUST BE THE **LIZARD**...OF ALL LIVING CREATURES IN OUR GALAXY NO LIFE FORM IS SO WIDE SPREAD, SO DIVERSE IN THEIR CULTURAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL EVOLVEMENT...THERE ARE **700** DIFFERENT SPECIES OF BI-POD LIZARDS RANGING FROM THE DEPLORABLY MORONIC TO THE SUPERBLY COOL, FROM CAVE DWELLERS TO STAR HOPPERS...

**THE** JUNKWAFFEL, A SOCIOLISTICALLY ORIENTATED CIVILIZATION, ROUGHLY PARALLELS OUR EARTH OF 1939 OR 40, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ADVANCED AERONAUTICAL CONCEPTS AND A CONTROL OF PLANETS SPREAD ACROSS 27 SOLAR SYSTEMS!

**HOMO-SAPIENS** THINKS 'HE' IS A WAR-LIKE CREATURE, A REAPER OF LIVING THINGS.....

**THE** JUNKWAFFEL MUST PUT US TO SHAME...THEY ARE WHOLLY DEVOTED TO THE GAME OF CIVILIZED MURDER..

KRUPPENNY ISLAND IS LOCATED ON THE SMALL PLANET PUNT-15 WHICH IS FOUND ORBITING IN THE JAMES JUMP ASTEROID BELT WHICH IS PART OF THE BORST II SYSTEM. WHICH BELONGS TO THE OUTER-LEFT JUNKWAFFEL STATE...

PUNT-15 IS 500 KILLOMETERS IN DIAMETER AND HAS ONLY ONE EXPORTABLE PRODUCT, TIN... MOST TIN-BEARING PLANETS OF THIS SIZE WOULD NOT HAVE AN ATMOSPHERE. BUT PUNT-15 HAS! THIS IS DUE TO THE EXTRAORDINARY GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION OF ITS SOLID CORE OF KUG 495 [THE 2nd DENSEST ELEMENT IN THE UNIVERSE]

THE JUNKWAFFEL HAVE OPERATED THE DUCK-ADDER TIN PROCESSING PLANT FOR SIXTY-THREE YEARS WITHOUT INTERFERENCE BUT THEN, TWO WEEKS AGO, ON THE 8th OF SPRING THE TOADS CAME DOWN TO DESTROY THE DROWSY PEACE..

POP POP POP POP
WATCH IT! WE'RE RECEIVING FIRE, LIEUTENANT, BORN BUMPER JUS' BOUGHT IT!!
MAX, YOU AN FANDANCE PUT SOME ROUNDS UP IN THEM ROCKS!!...
PUNT
PUNT
BUNT BUNT

ON THE 8th OF SPRING A TOAD PENETRATOR SPACE MACHINE PAUSED ON ITS MYSTERIOUS JOURNEY TO ORBIT PUNT-15 3 TIMES... ON THE SECOND ORBIT A LARGE FIFTY-TOAD PARA-FORT WAS DROPPED OFF INTO THE ATMOSPHERE WHERE 12 GREAT CARGO CHUTES LOWERED THE FORT INTACT ONTOP OF THE VALUABLE AND AS YET, UN-EXPLOITED, VIRGIN ISLAND OF KRUPPENNY... THE TOAD MOTHER SHIP, SEEING THAT ALL WAS WELL, SIGNALED DEPARTURE AND MOVED INTO THE VOID ON ITS UNFANTOMABLE MISSION...

FORT WART, AS THE TOAD-CREW CHRISTENED IT, WAS READY BY THE 10th.... THEY CONTACTED THE DUCK-ADDER PLANT BY WIRELESS AND DEMANDED 97% OF THE TOTAL TIN PRODUCTION TO BE SET ASIDE FOR THE TOAD EMPIRE... IF THE DEMAND WAS REFUSED THEY WOULD DETONATE THE ENTIRE PLANET WITH A CHAIN-FISSION BOMB!! TENSIONS MOUNTED AT THE TIN PLANT AS THE DEAD-LINE NEARED... THE CIVILIAN PERSONNEL WERE IN FAVOR OF IMMEDIATE COMPLIANCE TO THE TOAD ULTIMATUM, BUT THE MILITARY GARRISON. [THIRTY-SIX PARATROOPERS, ONE TRANSPORT PLANE, ONE PW-17 FIGHTER AND TWO NAVY GUNBOATS] WERE ALL FOR CALLING THE TOADS' BLUFF... THEY RECOGNIZED THE FIMILIAR STRATEGY OF THE TOADS, THE ONSO OBVIOUS FACADE OF FALSE THREATS...

THE JUNKWAFFEL GARRISON WAS PUT ON A WAR FOOTING ONCE THE CIVILIAN OPPOSITION WAS UNDER MARTIAL LAW... THEY BEGAN IMMEDIATE PREPARATIONS FOR AN INVASION OF KRUPPENNY.. THE MILITARY KNEW HOW TO DEAL WITH A TOAD BLUFF... IT DIDN'T TAKE THE TOADS AT FORT WART LONG TO REALIZE THEY WERE BEING CALLED OUT... ONE THING TO DO, THEY DETONATED THE BOMB!!

... FORTUNATELY FOR THE LIZARDS ON PUNT-15, THE CHAIN-FISSION BOMB PROVED TO BE A TREMENDOUS DUD!.. THAT LEFT THE FIFTY TOADS NO CHOICE BUT A FIGHT TO THE END WITH THEIR MORTAL ENEMIES!...

THE FIRST ACTUAL ACTION OF THE WAR CAME ON THE NIGHT OF THE 15th... THE NAVY GUNBOATS TRIED TO LAND A VOLUNTEER CIVILIAN DEMOLITION TEAM ON KRUPPENNY, BUT THEY RAN AGROUND ON A SAND BAR AND BLEW UP!!.

THE SHOCK OF THIS NAVAL CATASTROPHY SET THE INVASION BACK AN ENTIRE WEEK!!

ON THE MORNING OF THE 22nd OF SPRING, THE PW-17, FLOWN BY PILOT OFFICER FARGO VON-RASEBERRY BEGAN SOFTENING UP THE COASTAL POSITIONS WITH NAPALM AND CONCUSSION BOMBS...

THE FLYING TIME BETWEEN THE TIN FACTORY AIRFIELD AND KRUPPENNY WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES!

PW-PILOT, THIS IS MAJOR VON BEAN, THA' MAIN TOAD BATTERY HAS US PINPOINTED! YOU GOTTA' HIT IT FOR US BEFORE WE GET WIPED OUT!!

PUT AHH NEGATIVE, MAJOR... I PICKED UP A 20 MM SHELL IN MY NUMBER TWO,... LOSING OIL PRESSURE PRETTY FAST.....HAVE TO NURSE ER' BACK TO THA' FIELD... CRACK

PW-15

PILOT OFFICER RASEBERRY BLASTED KRUPPENNYS BEACHES FOR FOUR HOURS BEFORE THE TRANSPORT TOOK OFF FOR ITS THIRTY MINUTE FLIGHT TO THE COMBAT AREA...

THE BIG TROOP PLANE CARRIED TWENTY CRACK JUNKWAFFEL PARACHUTISTS OF THE PUNT-15, 1ST AIRBORNE COMPANY...

DESPITE THE SOUND POUNDING THE PW-17 GAVE THE TOADS THEY STILL PUT UP A DANGEROUS AMOUNT OF HEAVY AND LIGHT CALIBER FLACK...

VON RASBERRY FLEW COVER FOR THE TRANSPORT ROLLING IN TIME AND AGAIN IN ATTEMPTS TO SILENCE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT IN AND AROUND FORT WART...

THE TRANSPORT, AN OLD DANDALION C-23 B MADE TWO PRELIMINARY RUNS TO MARK WIND-DRIFT, ALL THE WHILE UNDER FIRE.. DESPITE A FEW SMALL ARMS HITS IN THE FUSELAGE AND TAIL THE GROUND FIRE WAS INEFFECTIVE... THE DROP BEGAN...

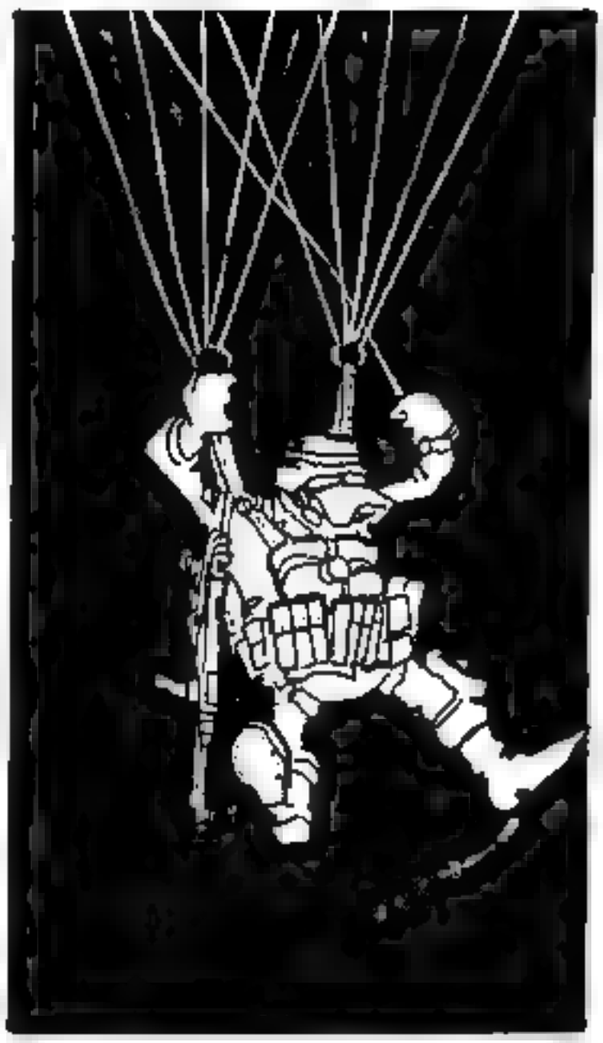
THAT ROTEN PILOT!! BUGGED OUT ON US!! LEFT US IN THA' LURCH!! LEFT US TO DIE!!!

GET AHOID OF YER'SELF BLUEPETAL!! HE'S GONNA COME BACK SOON AS HE CAN... BLUEPETAL BOY, YA' HEAR ME?... HUH?..

BOOM

THE TRANSPORT PILOT, MORELY BUN, SET HIS DROP UP FROM NORTH TO SOUTH ALONG THE COAST... ONE AFTER THE OTHER THE DASHING CHUTISTS DROPPED AWAY FROM 1,500 METERS.. THEN, HALFWAY INTO THE DROP A NEAR BURST OF FLACK WRECKED THE COCKPIT!. THE EXPLOSION WAS SO VIOLENT IT DESTROYED THE CO-PILOT, HANS KRINKEL, AND SEVERELY WOUNDED PILOT, BUN... STUNNED, BUN BANKED OFF TO THE RIGHT OF HIS COURSE, OUT OVER THE SEA... THE REMAINING EIGHT JUNKWAFFELS, THINKING THE SHIP WAS IN ITS DEATH PLUNGE, BAILED OUT... THEY ALL DROWNED!.. BUN MANAGED TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE C-23 AND CRASHLANDED SAFELY ON THE END OF THE TIN FACTORY RUNWAY.....

OF THE TWELVE CHUTISTS JUMPED OVER THE TARGET; ONE PARACHUTE FAILED TO DEPLOY, KILLING ITS WEARER, AND ANOTHER CHUTIST WAS GUNNED TO DEATH AS HE DRIFTED TO THE GROUND...



THAT LEAVES TEN JUNKWAFFEL PARATROOPERS TO DRIVE THE WELL ENTRENCHED, WELL FORTIFIED, FANATICALLY DETERMINED TOADS OFF KRUPPENNY IS.

HUN

WE'RE ALL DOOMED!

AND OF THOSE TEN PARATROOPER LIZARDS, TWO HAVE JUST BEEN HIT WITH A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELL...

MOTHER?.. ZAT YOU MOTHER?.

BLUE-PETAL! IS THIS' THE END?

JAF

AFTER LOSING THE LOST CONTINENT WE FIND WENDY, HARRY AND DOG ADRIFT...

WATER WATER EVERYWHERE AND NOT A DROP TO DRINK

SOMEBODY, SAY SOMETHING

ARG

FINALY AFTER MANY DAYS SPENT IN DES-PER-ATION ...

LAND HO!

Copyright © JAF 1968

BEING SET ADRIFT FOR MANY DAYS AFTER LOSING THE LOST CONTINENT, WENDY, HARRY AND DOG, COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED, SIGHT LAND...

ANOTHER LOST CONTINENT?

FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS, WE' RE COMING IN!!

CLUNK

THAT WAS QUITE A LAND FALL

WHERE ARE WE?

I' M GOING TO FIND OUT

HELP HELP

DID YOU CALL?

GET ME OUT OF THIS HOLE!

DON' T GO AWAY!

HMM

WHY DON'T YOU USE HARRY AS A ROPE?

SHE MUST WEIGH A TON!!

PULL

YIPES!!

I'VE GOT A TURTLE ON MY BACK!

HARRY

YES?

THANK YOU

A PLEASURE

IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, I WOULD STILL BE IN THAT HOLE

GLAD THAT I COULD HELP

BEING STUCK IN A HOLE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

WOW!

WELL, I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND AND SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE

I'LL GO

ME TOO

PSST..

YOU GUYS ACT AS IF YOU AIN'T SEEN A TALKING FLOWER BEFORE?

WELL?

NO

NO

NO

I'VE HEARD OF TURTLES, SNAKES AND DOGS TALKING

MEET MY FAMILY

HYA

HELLO

WADAYOU KNOW? TALKING FLOWERS

WOULD YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?

WE' RE LOST

YOU' RE IN THE SAME PLACE THAT I AM. YOU' RE HERE!

WE' RE HERE?

WE ARE HERE!

WE' RE HERE!

YEH!

WHERE IS HERE?

WHERE IS HERE?

HERE?

HERE IS HERE!

I CAN' T WALK

WHERE ELSE CAN IT BE?

HERE IS HERE, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HERE!

HOW DO YOU GET YOUR INFORMATION?

I GET A LOT OF VISITORS

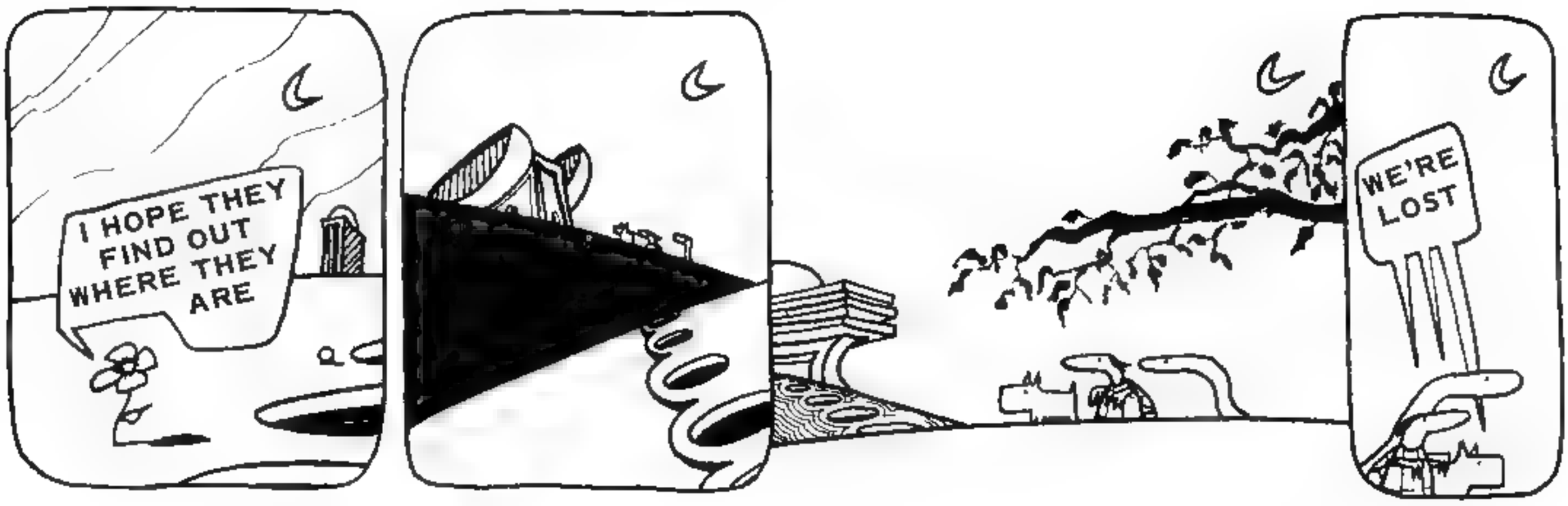
DIDN' T ANY OF YOUR VISITORS TELL YOU WHERE YOU WERE?

I NEVER ASKED, I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS HERE

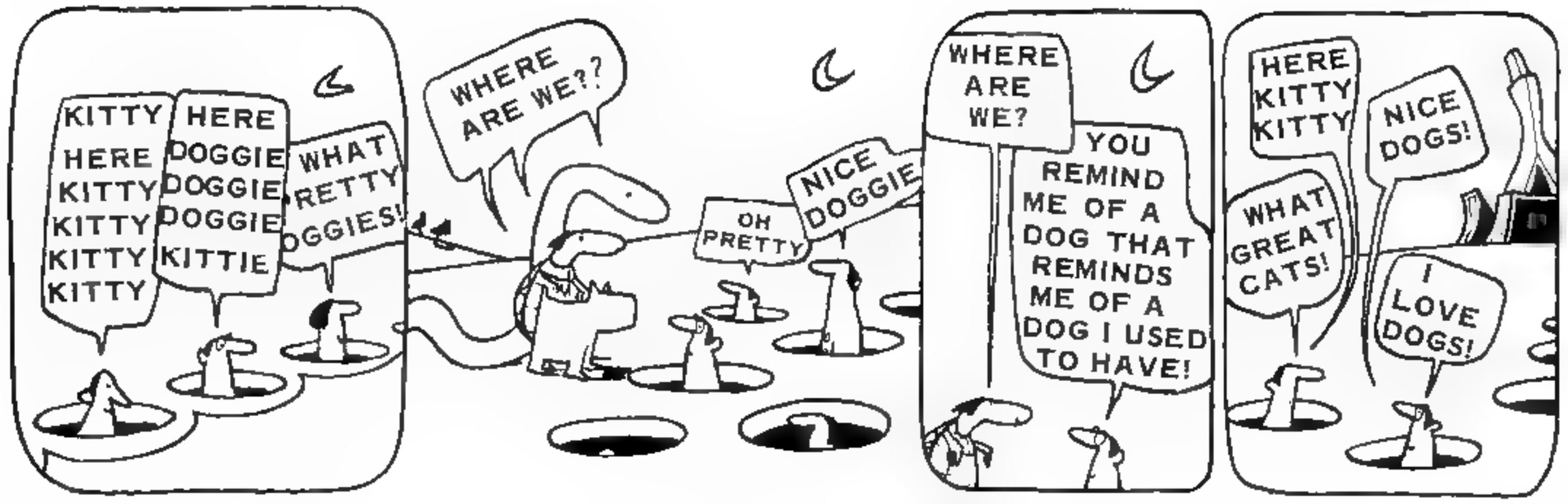
NOW THAT YOU' RE HERE, CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THERE?

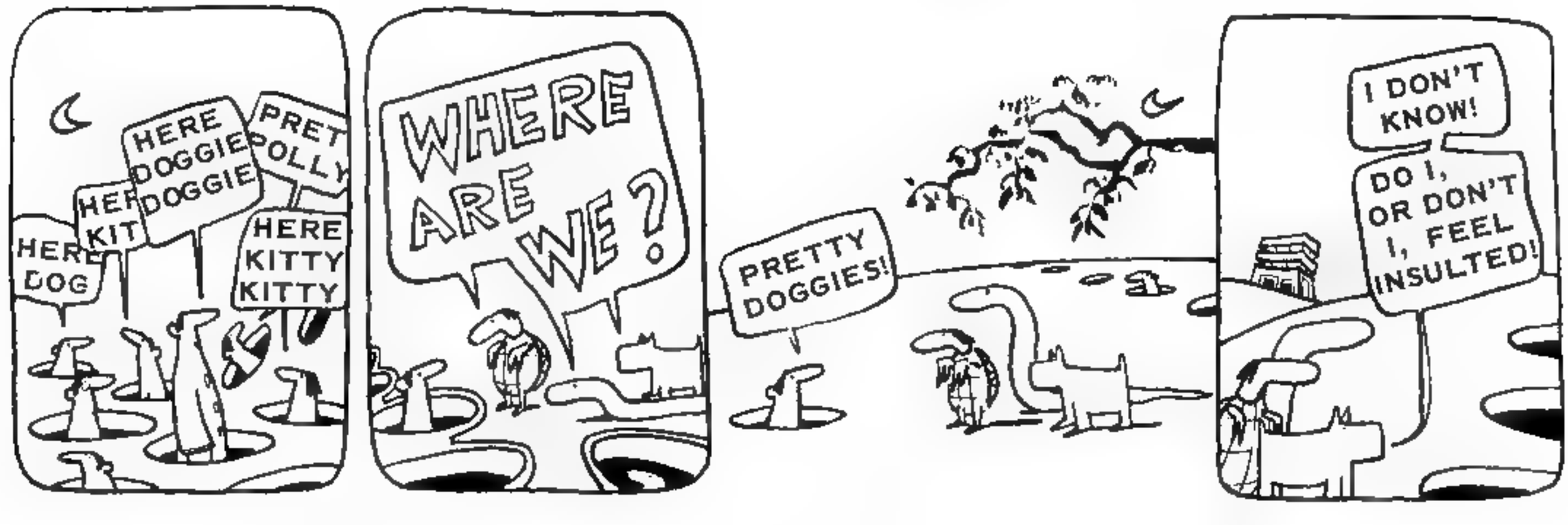
IF YOU ASKED ME, I THINK SHE' S A BIT OFF!

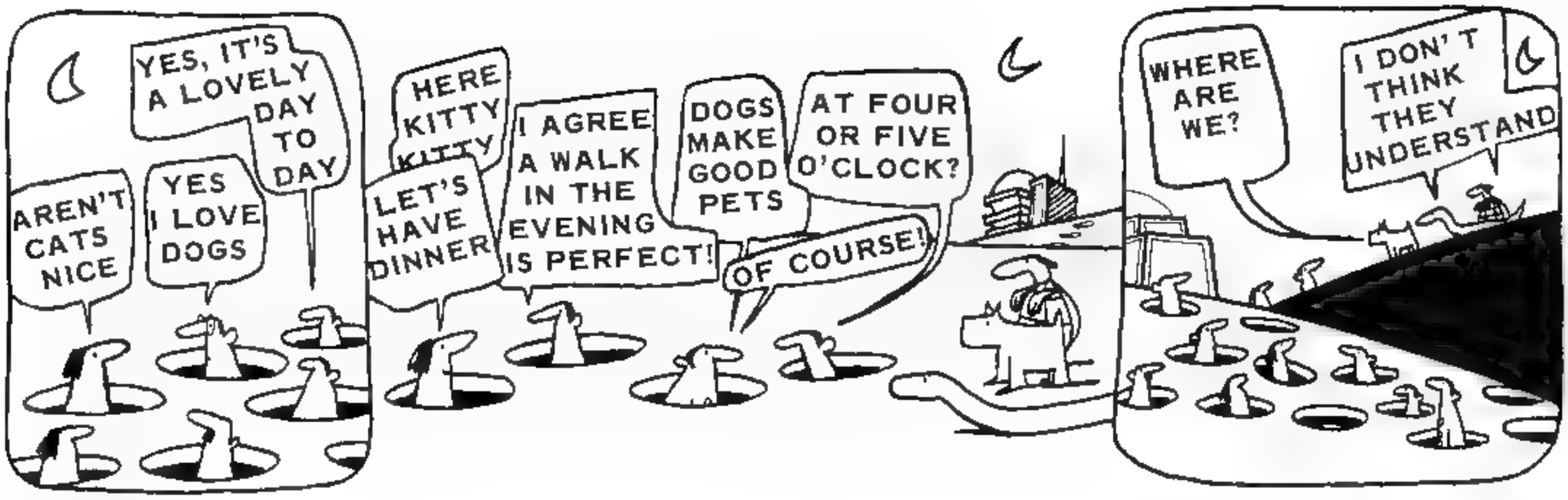
YEH

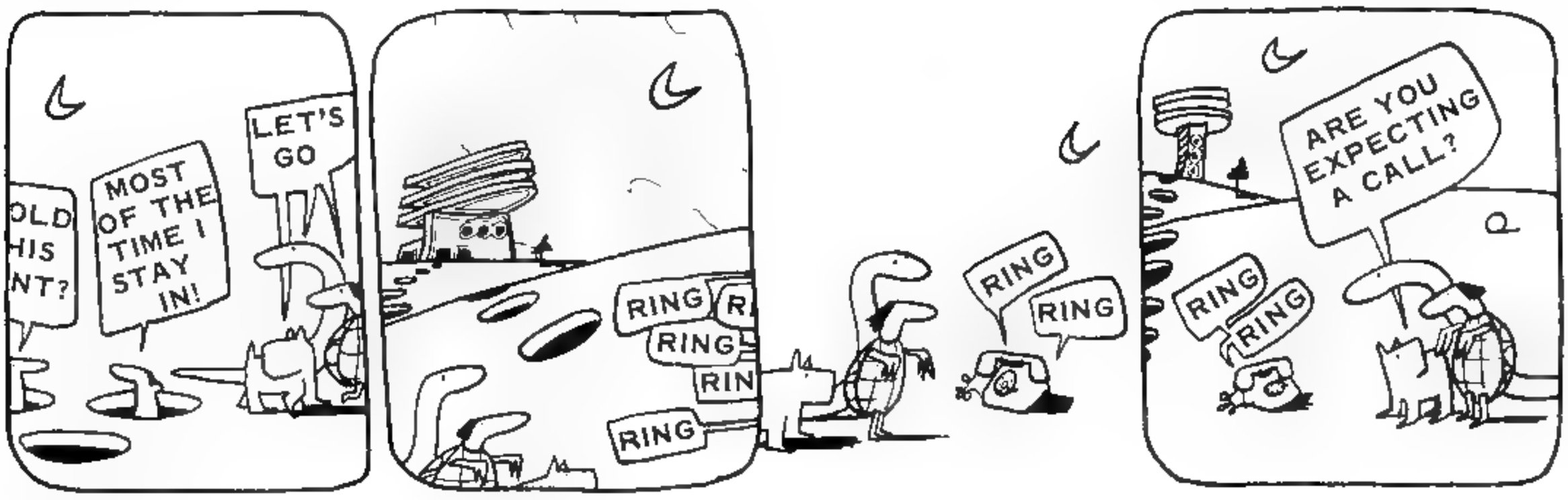

I HOPE THEY FIND OUT WHERE THEY ARE
WE'RE LOST

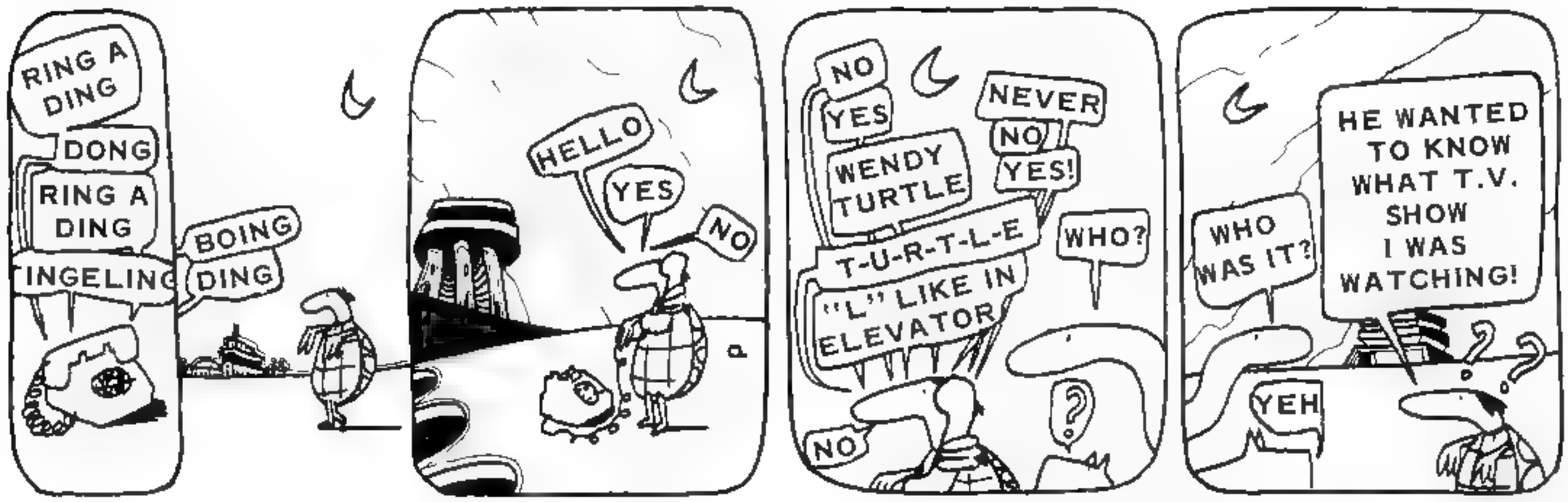
I SEE A TURTLE!
A DOG!
EEK! A SNAKE
HERE DOGGIE DOGGIE DOGGIE
HELLO
?
?
STRANGE CREATURES!

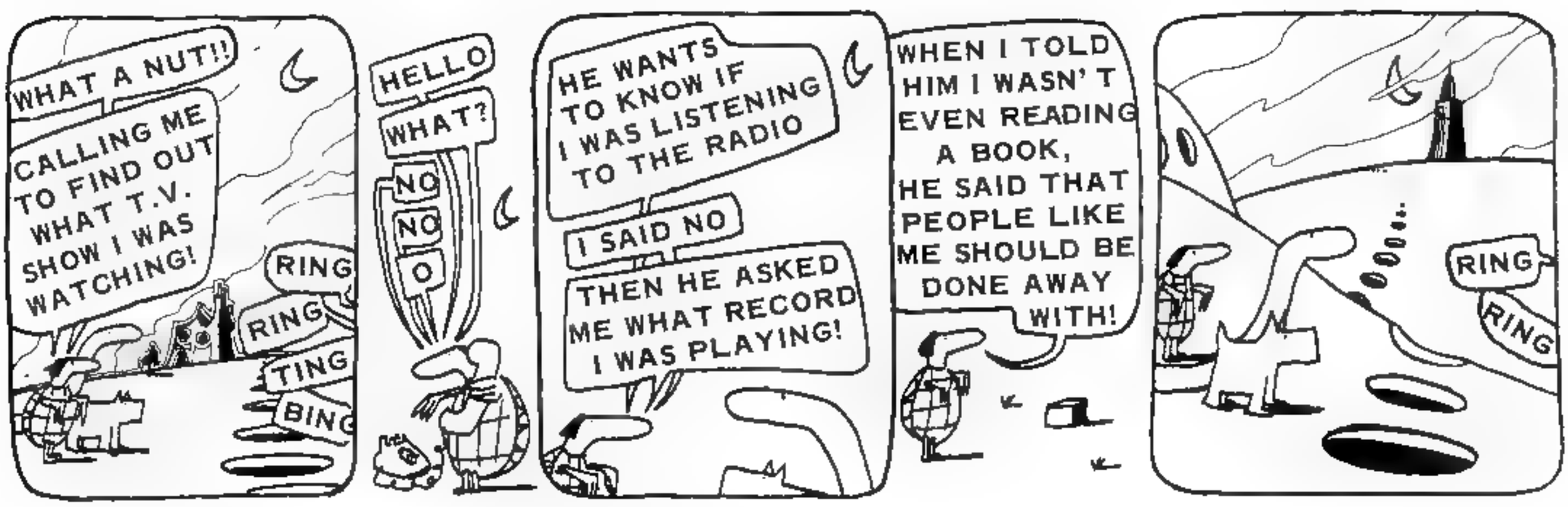

KITTY HERE KITTY KITTY KITTY KITTY
HERE DOGGIE DOGGIE DOGGIE KITTIE
WHAT A PRETTY DOGGIES!
WHERE ARE WE??
OH PRETTY
NICE DOGGIE
WHERE ARE WE?
YOU REMIND ME OF A DOG THAT REMINDS ME OF A DOG I USED TO HAVE!
HERE KITTY KITTY
NICE DOGS!
WHAT GREAT CATS!
I LOVE DOGS!

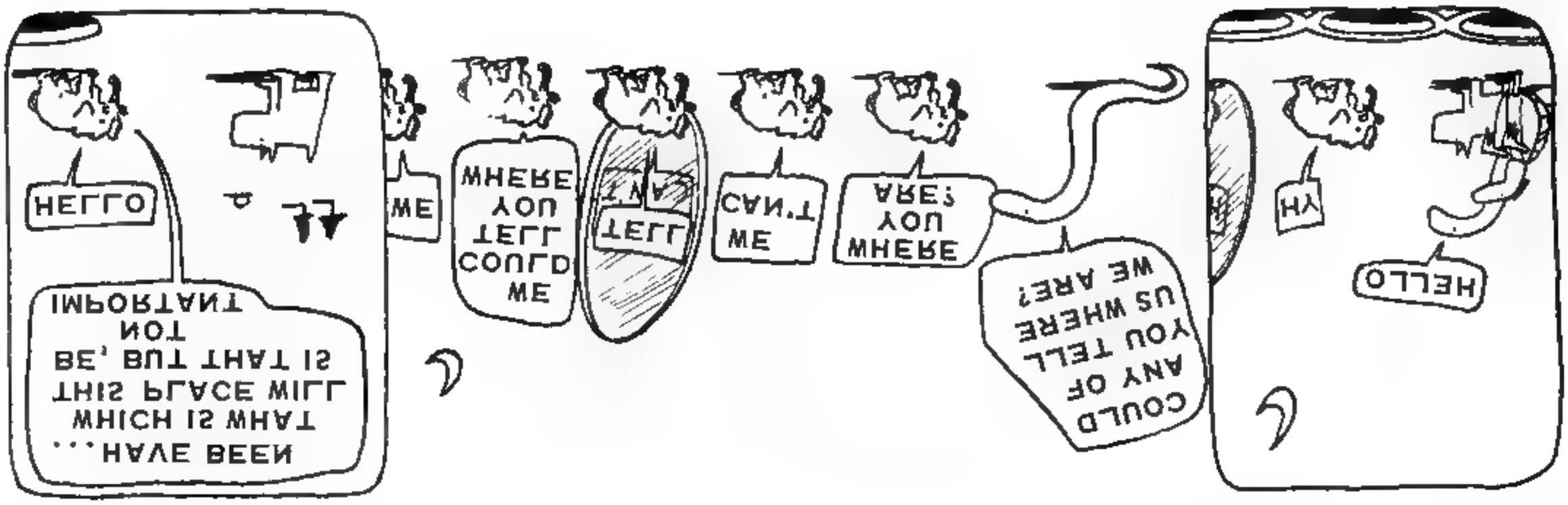

HERE DOG
HERE KIT
HERE DOGGIE DOGGIE
PRETTY POLLY
HERE KITTY KITTY
WHERE ARE WE?
PRETTY DOGGIES!
I DON'T KNOW!
DO I, OR DON'T I, FEEL INSULTED!

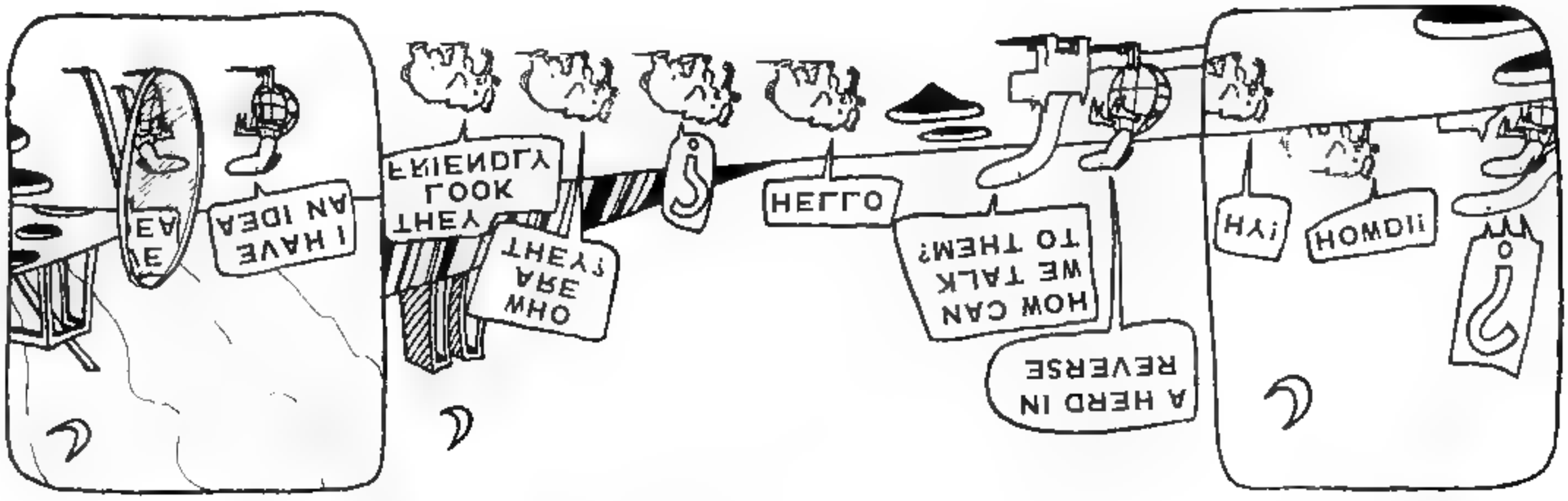

YES, IT'S A LOVELY DAY TO DAY
AREN'T CATS NICE
YES I LOVE DOGS
HERE KITTY KITTY
LET'S HAVE DINNER
I AGREE A WALK IN THE EVENING IS PERFECT!
DOGS MAKE GOOD PETS
AT FOUR OR FIVE O'CLOCK?
OF COURSE!
WHERE ARE WE?
I DON' T THINK THEY UNDERSTAND

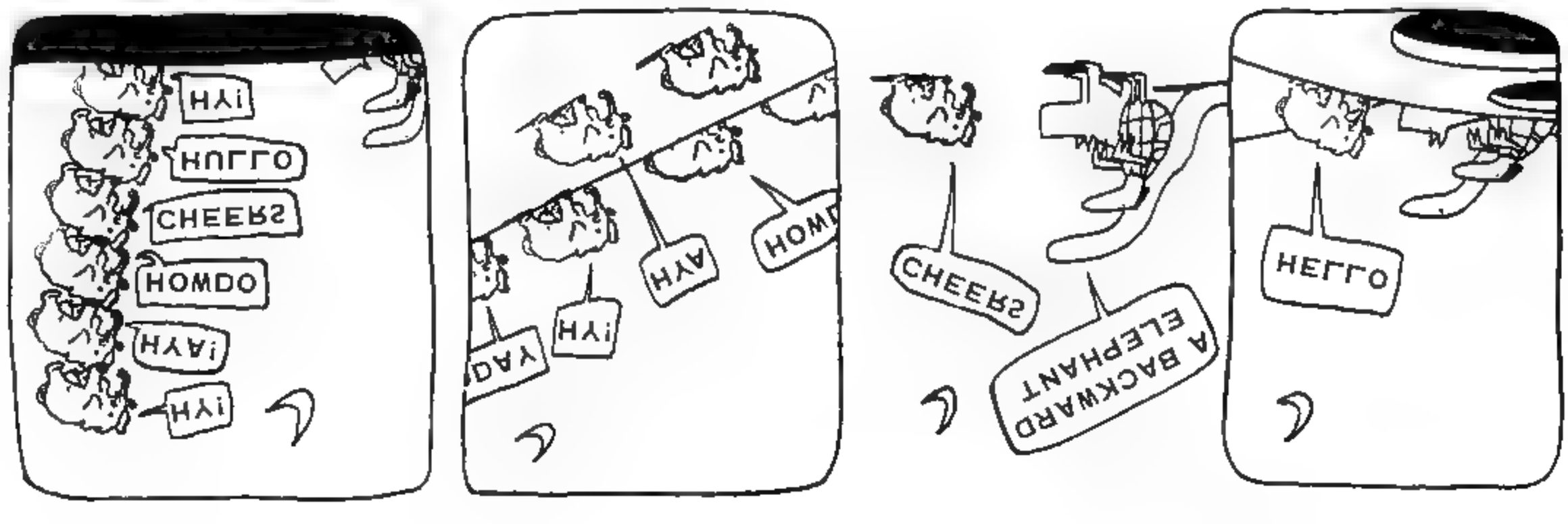

OLD HIS NT?
MOST OF THE TIME I STAY IN!
LET'S GO
RING
RING
RIN
RING
RING
RING
ARE YOU EXPECTING A CALL?

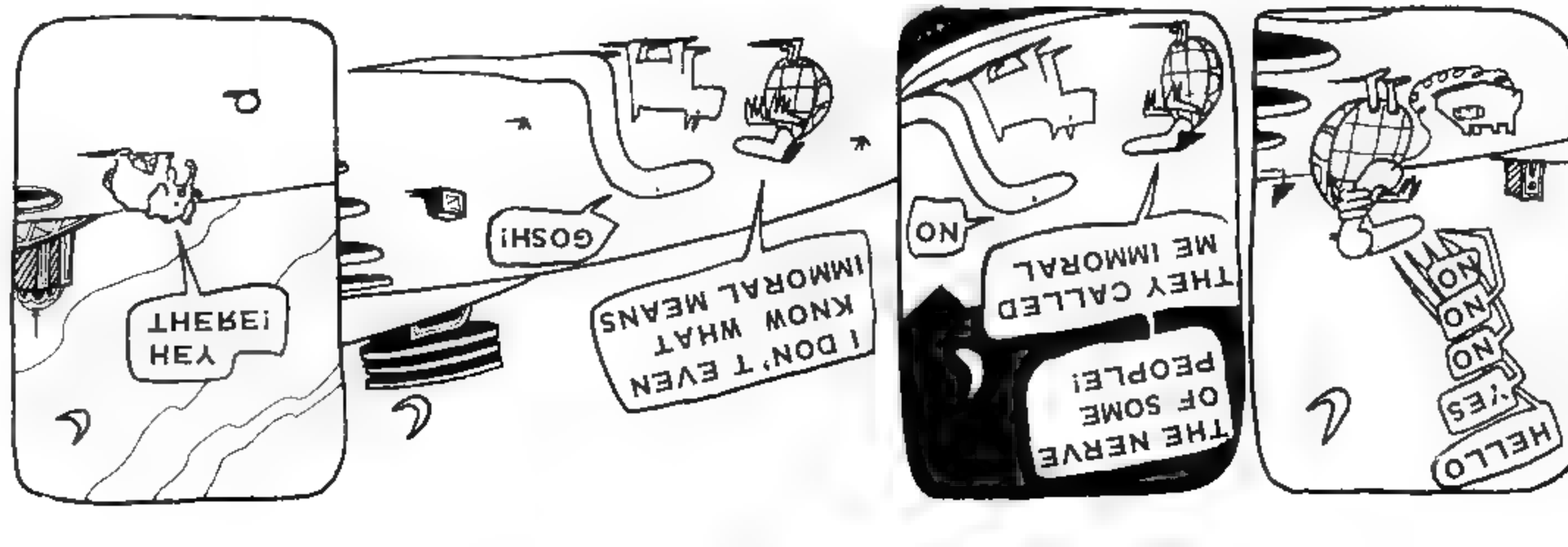

RING A DING
DONG
RING A DING
TINGELING
BOING
DING
HELLO
YES
NO
NO
YES
WENDY TURTLE
T-U-R-T-L-E
"L" LIKE IN ELEVATOR
NO
NEVER
NO
YES!
WHO?
WHO WAS IT?
HE WANTED TO KNOW WHAT T.V. SHOW I WAS WATCHING!
YEH


WHAT A NUT!!
CALLING ME TO FIND OUT WHAT T.V. SHOW I WAS WATCHING!
RING
RING
TING
BING
HELLO
WHAT?
NO
NO
O
HE WANTS TO KNOW IF I WAS LISTENING TO THE RADIO
I SAID NO
THEN HE ASKED ME WHAT RECORD I WAS PLAYING!
WHEN I TOLD HIM I WASN' T EVEN READING A BOOK, HE SAID THAT PEOPLE LIKE ME SHOULD BE DONE AWAY WITH!
RING
RING


HELLO
HY
HELLO
COULD YOU TELL US WHERE WE ARE?
WHERE ARE YOU
CAN'T ME
TELL
WHERE COULD YOU TELL ME
ME
HELLO
IMPORTANT NOT BE, BUT THAT IS THIS PLACE WILL WHICH IS WHAT ...HAVE BEEN


HYi
HOMDIi
HELLO
A HERD IN REVERSE
HOW CAN WE TALK TO THEM?
HELLO
WHO ARE THEY? THEY LOOK FRIENDLY
I HAVE AN IDEA
E


HELLO
A BACKWARD ELEPHANT
CHEERS
HAY
HYi
HYi
HELLO
CHEERS
HOMDO
HAYi
HYi


HELLO
YES
NO
NO
NO
NO
THEY CALLED ME IMMORAL
THE NERVE OF SOME PEOPLE!
GOSH!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IMMORAL MEANS
THERE! YEH

CAN YOU TELL US WHERE WE ARE?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW!

I COULD TELL YOU, BUT...

..WHY SHOULD I?

I WISH WE KNEW WHERE WE WERE

HELLO

HI

YOU SEEM TO KNOW WHERE WE ARE

HELLO

I CAN ONLY REMEMBER THE FUTURE

HI

AND WE REMEMBER THE PAST!

HARUMPH!

DID YOU HEAR WHAT I HEARD?

OH.. GIVE ME SPACE LOTS OF SPACE WITH THE STARRY SKIES ALL AROUND...

HARRY HOPELESS IT'S

WHAT?

CHEERS

AYH

HI

HOW

HELLO

YH

HOWDY

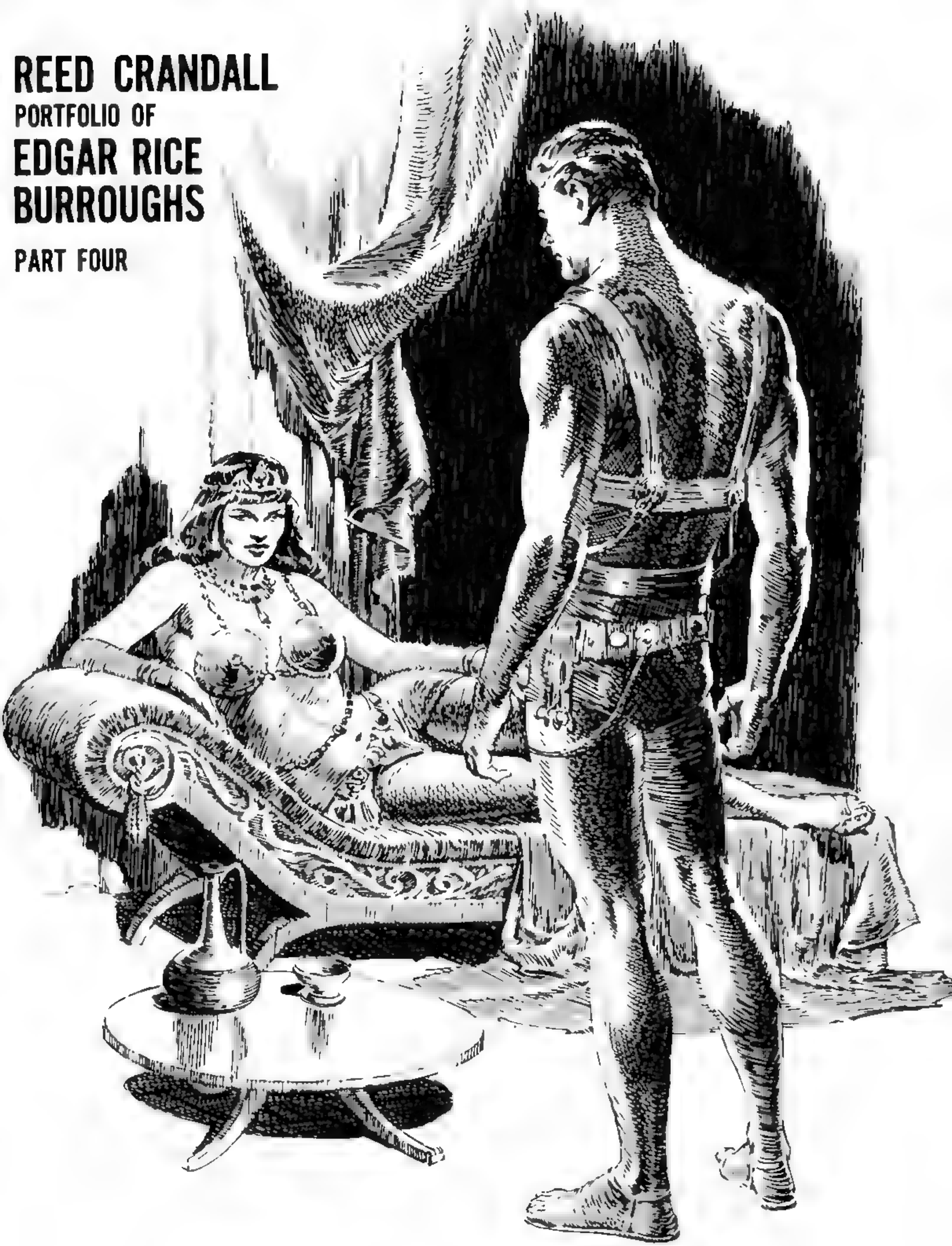
HOWDI

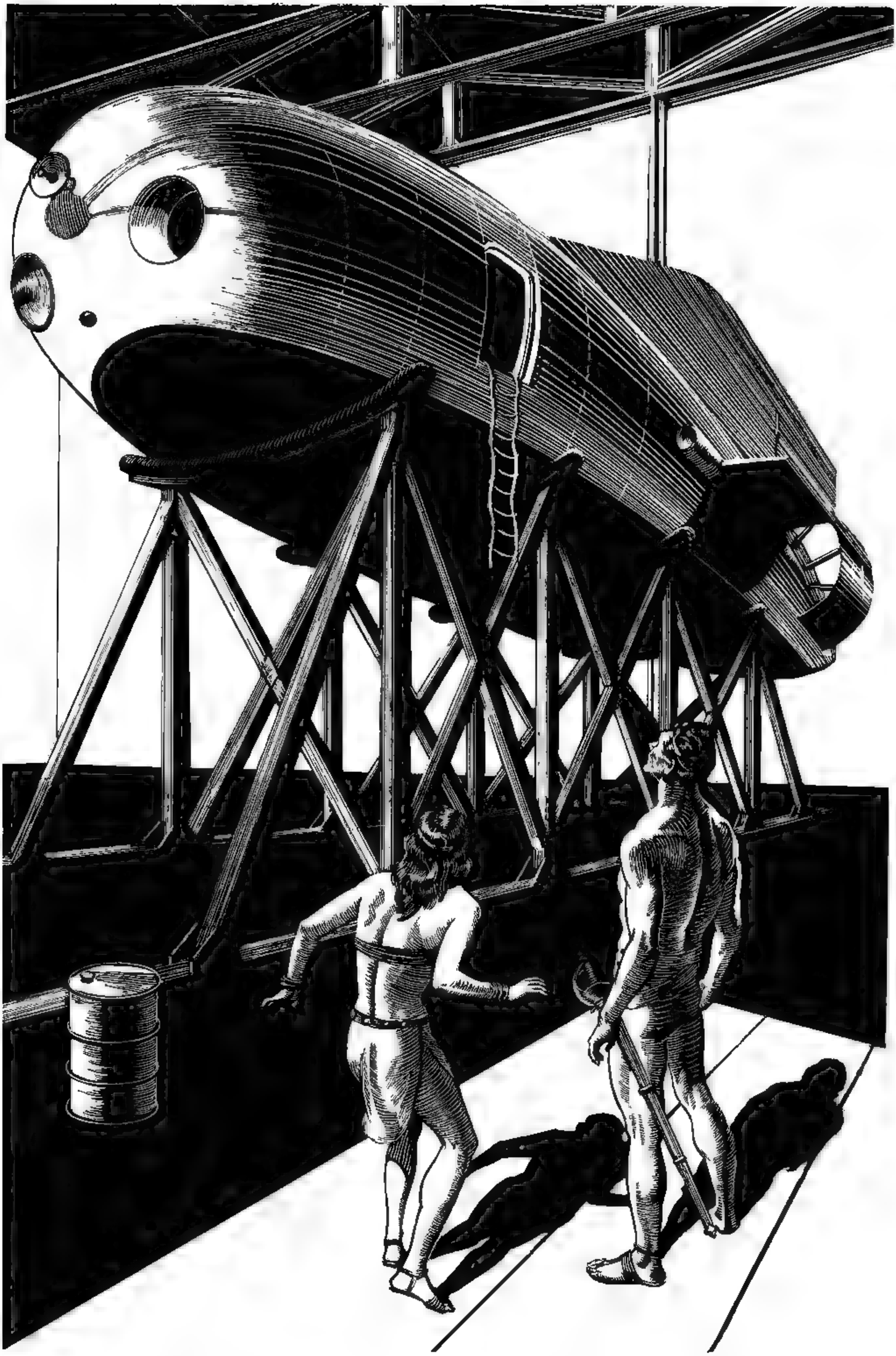
HELLO

HI

LET'S GO!

# REED CRANDALL
## PORTFOLIO OF
# EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
## PART FOUR





R. CRANDALL

# PIPSQUEAK PAPERS

THE MORE HE CONSIDERED, THE MORE CERTAIN PIP WAS THAT HE HAD MADE THE ONLY POSSIBLE DECISION... HE HAD NOT ONLY SAVED HIS LIFE, BUT HAD RID HIMSELF OF A VEXATIOUS AND DEMANDING FEMALE AS WELL...

I'M WELL RID OF HER!

OW!

Copyright © Wallace Wood 1968

FOR A TIME HE FOLLOWED HIS PIPSQUEAK PURSUITS, BUT THE PAIN GREW...

THERE WAS NO ALTER-NATIVE!

OW!

AT FIRST HE ATTEMPTED TO DISMISS IT AS INDIGESTION, BUT IT CONTINUED, AND AT LENGTH HE WAS FORCED TO ADMIT THE NEED FOR ATTENTION...

PIP! WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE?

I CAME ON A HUNCH!

EVEN TO HIS PYCHOLOGIC-ALLY UNTRAINED MIND, THE EMOTIONAL NATURE OF HIS SYMPTOM WAS APPAR-ENT, BUT HE DECIDED TO EXHAUST THE PHYSICAL POSSIBILITIES...

A HUNCH?

YES... IT'S TIED UP OUT-SIDE!

DR ORB

AND, AS THOUGHT WAS TRANSFORMED INTO ACTION, HE WAS CERTAIN THAT HE DETECTED A DEFINITE CESSATION OF PHYSICAL DISCOMFORT...

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

I DON'T KNOW IT'S MUCH BETTER NOW!

SAY AH!

GAAG!

JUST AS I FEARED!

WHAT IS IT, DOC?

YOU ARE DEVELOPING A CARDIAC LESION...

YOU MEAN..

YES... YOUR LITTLE HEART IS BREAKING!

TOO BAD!

SO YOUNG, TOO!

SNIF

REALIZING THE IMPORT OF THE DIAGNOSIS, PIP KNEW HIS ONLY RECOURSE LAY IN FINDING THE MISSING HUMANOID AND EXCHANGING IT FOR NUDINE, AND SO HE PREPARED HIMSELF FOR HIS QUEST, MAKING A BUNDLE OF HIS MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION...

...MONEY THAT IS!

AND SET OUT FOR THE SPOT WHERE HE HAD LAST SEEN THE BODY, BUT NO SOONER WAS HE ON HIS WAY, THAN A DISTRACTION DIVERTED HIM FROM HIS COURSE...

HELLO

UH- HELLO... WHO ARE YOU ?

MY NAME IS LASCIVIA... I'M A SPRITE!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRIFLE WITH MY GIRLISH AFFECTIONS?

OKAY

AND WHAT OF NUDINE? TREMBLING, SHE WAS DELIVERED TO SMUG, AS SHE BEHELD HIS BALEFUL COUNTENANCE, SHE WAS SURE THAT A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH AWAITED HER...

YOU (CENSORED)! THAT'S NOT THE HUMANOID BODY I SENT YOU TO COLLECT! THAT'S MERELY A NYMPH-TYPE FEMALE BROAD!

KNOCKED UP, TOO!

WELL, GEE... YOU DIDN'T SPECIFY SEX, MR SMUG SIR!

WELL, YOU MAY AS WELL MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL, WOMAN! THERE'S A LOT OF WORK TO BE DONE AROUND HERE! START CLEANING THIS PLACE UP!

I KNEW IT! A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

AND SO, FORCED INTO A LIFE OF SHAME, NUDINE RESIGNED HERSELF TO ENDLESS DRUDGERY AS HER CONDITION GREW MORE AND MORE APPARENT...

A PARENT?

OH, SIR! HOW CAN YOU BE SO CRUEL? LET HER GO!

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE OF YOUR BLEEDING HEART CRAP, SHE'S MINE AND SHE'S GOING TO EARN HER KEEP!

...AND I HAVE A HUNCH THAT LITTLE WISE-ASS PIP IS GOING TO TRY TO SAVE HER... ...AND WHEN HE DOES...

HISS

HEE! HEE!

BOO

YOU DIRTY BASTARD!

MEAN-WHILE, AFTER PIP HAD DALLIED FOR A TIME WITH THE SPRITE LASCIVIA, THE PAIN GREW SO INTENSE HE COULD BEAR IT NO LONGER...

OW!

WHAT IS IT PIP?

MY HEART! I HAVE A PYSCHO-SOMATIC COMPLAINT WHICH IS EMOTIONAL IN NATURE

YOU POOR THING! WE SPRITES HAVE NO EMOTIONS!

GOOD BYE, PIP! COME AGAIN... IT'S BEEN FUN!

OW

GEE, I FEEL STRANGE..

OW

...AND THEN THE SPRITE FELT THE PAIN BEGIN! SHE IMMEDIATELY ATTRIBUTED IT TO GAS...

OW!

MUST BE GAS...

...AND, ACTING UPON THIS ASSUMPTION TOOK A POTION, AND THE PAIN SUBSIDED IMMEDIATELY.

BURP!

SEE? IT WAS GAS!

...AND IT WAS SOME TIME LATER THAT PIP ALSO FELT A SENSE OF LOSS...

HEY!

MY MONEY!

IT'S GONE!

TURNING BACK, PIP TRIED VAINLY TO FIND THE SPRITE, BUT SHE HAD SUCCESSFULLY CLOUDED HIS MIND, AND SOON HE FOUND HIMSELF COMPLETELY LOST, FOR HE HAD WANDERED INTO THE LAND OF THE OPENDOMES...

WHO GOES THERE?

MY NAME IS PIP, SIR, AND I AM LOOKING FOR AN EMPTY-HEADED HUMANOID, WHO...

SOMETHING WRONG WITH HAVING AN OPEN MIND, SONNY?

N-NO SIR... I...

AFTER A SOMEWHAT UNPROFITABLE EXCHANGE THE OPEN-DOMES WITHDREW WITH A PARTING BIT OF ADVICE...

TRY THE NO-HOLES!

BUT...

...PIP SEIZED BY A FIT OF DESPAIR, FELL TO THE GROUND, AND HIS SUFFERING WAS PITIFUL TO BEHOLD...

OW!

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, PIP?

SKIPPER! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU... YOU GET AROUND A LOT, TELL ME, HAVE YOU SEEN MY BODY?

YES, AND VERY NICE IT IS, TOO, WHY DO YOU ASK?

PIP, IN NO MOOD FOR SUCH LIGHT BANTER, BURST INTO TEARS AND PREVAILED UPON THE OLD MAN TO ASSIST HIM IN HIS QUEST, TO WHICH REQUEST, SKIPPER COMPLIED MOST GRACIOUSLY.

THAT'S THE LAND OF THE NOHOLES AHEAD... YOU CAN LET ME OFF THERE...

THE NOHOLES WERE REPUTED TO BE THE CUSTODIANS OF ALL KNOWLEDGE WORTH KNOWING, AND SO PIP APPROACHED THEM HOPEFULLY...

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, SKIPPER...

GIVE IT UP, KID!

HELLO, NOHOLES...

BUT THE NOHOLES WERE ENGAGED IN THEIR OWN WORDLESS CONVERSATION, AND PIP FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO ESTABLISH COMMUNICATION...

TELL ME, HAVE YOU SEEN...

TURNING AWAY, HIS PAIN AGGRAVATED BY THE SENSE OF DEFEAT, PIP WANDERED OFF AIMLESSLY, WHEN...

HELLO PIP!

SAM THE BIRD DOG! MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME... WILL YOU CARRY ME TO THE FAR SIDE OF THIS FOREST?

SOON THEY WERE AIRBORNE, AND, BEFORE PIP COULD ASK, THE BIRD DOG REMARKED...

JUST SAW A PECULIAR THING... A STUPID EMPTY-HEADED BODY WAS TRYING TO FLY...

WHAT?! IT MUST BE...

REALIZING AT ONCE WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED, PIP ASKED SAM TO CONVEY HIM TO THE SPOT, AND SAW THE HUMANOID BODY...

...STILL DOMINATED BY THE BIRD BRAIN, WHICH, INCAPABLE OF LEARNING FROM EXPERIENCE, WAS STILL TRYING TO FLY...

THUD!

QUICKLY HE DISABUSED THE BIRD FROM IT'S FOLLY AND REGAINED POSSESSION OF THE BODY..

DAMN DUMB BIRD! GO EAT SOME WORMS!

NOW TO TRADE THIS BODY FOR MY LOVE...

AND SET OUT FOR SMUG'S LABORATORY, ACCOMPANIED BY THE BIRD DOG...

...MUCH AS I HATE TO GIVE IT UP TO THAT SON OF A BITCH!

HEY! WATCH THAT KIND OF TALK!

SORRY, SAM!

...SOON SMUG'S LABORATORY WAS IN SIGHT...

THERE IT IS! A VERITABLE FORTRESS!

...AND THAT'S THE WORST KIND!

AS THEY DREW NEAR, THE OLD SCIENTIST APPEARED...

WELL?

I'M HERE TO EFFECT AN EQUITABLE EXCHANGE SIR... THIS BODY FOR NUDINE!

THERE SHE IS... TAKE HER AND WELCOME! DAMN USELESS LAZY GIRL... BEEN DOING NOTHING BUT EATING MY FOOD AND WATCHING HER BELLY GROW!

PIP! OH, PIP!

THEN, AS HE WAS ABOUT TO RELINQUISH CONTROL, A SOMEWHAT UNWORTHY THOUGHT THAT HAD BEEN LURKING IN THE BACK OF PIP'S MIND MADE ITSELF KNOWN...

HEY! SUPPOSE I DON'T WANT TO TRADE... SUPPOSE I JUST TAKE HER! WHAT COULD YOU DO ABOUT IT EXCEPT GET YOUR SCRAWY OLD ASS KICKED?

THE POSSIBILITY THAT SOME SUCH TREACHERY MIGHT OCCUR TO YOU CROSSED MY MIND, PIPSQUEAK, AND SO I ENGAGED THE SERVICES OF A LAW FIRM TO DEFEND MY INTERESTS...

MAY I PRESENT **MANGLE, MAIM** AND **Mc BASH,** WHO WILL BE GLAD TO DISCUSS THE CASE...

OH

AS I WAS SAYING, SIR, FAIR EXCHANGE AND ALL THAT... COME, NUDINE LET US BE GONE!

IT WAS DONE, PIP HAD REGAINED HIS LOVE, BUT IN SO DOING, HAD LOST THE ONLY MEANS OF KEEPING HER...

:SIGH:

...THE BODY! SHE LOVES THE BODY...

AND, OUT OF HIS DESPERATION, A PLAN WAS FORMULATED...

WAIT! LET US STOP AND REST...

COME, SAM. WE MUST FORAGE FOR FOOD!

QUICKLY, HE DREW THE BIRD-DOG ASIDE AND OUTLINED HIS SCHEME...

...AND IF YOU'LL JUST HELP, I CAN PUT ONE OVER ON THAT DIRTY

WATCH IT!

RAT!

...UNAWARE THAT HIS CONVERSATION WAS BEING MONITORED BY SMUG ON ONE OF HIS SCIENTIFIC DEVICES...

OKAY, PIP, WHEN DO WE START?

HAH! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN...

PRUDENTLY WAITING UNTIL NIGHTFALL, THE INTREPID PIP AND HIS CANINE ACCOMPLICE SET OUT ON THEIR ADVENTURE...

SWOOPING LOW OVER SMUG'S STRONGHOLD, THE BIRD DOG PASSED DIRECTLY ABOVE THE HUMANOID...

...AND WITH PERFECT TIMING, PIP LAUNCHED HIS BODY, COMING DOWN PRECISELY ON TARGET...

ASSUMING CONTROL ONCE AGAIN, HE DIRECTED THE HUMANOID TOWARD THE EXIT...

...ONLY TO FIND THAT SMUG HAD PREPARED A TRAP FOR HIM...

DAMN PIPSQUEAK! I CAN SEE THAT THE ONLY WAY I CAN HAVE ANY PEACE OF MIND IS TO KEEP YOU IN MY SIGHT... PERMANENTLY!

MANGLE, GO GET THE GIRL!

PRESENTLY, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES ESTABLISHED NONE TOO COMFORTABLY, BUT EVIDENTLY PERMANENTLY, IN A USED JITTER-BIRD CAGE...

FROM YOUR DIMENSIONS, I'D SAY WE'D BETTER STAY PUT... >SIGH<

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PIP?

RESIGNING HIMSELF TO THE INEVITABLE, PIP DID HIS BEST TO MAKE THE PLACE HABITABLE...

I WAS JUST THINKING...

...THE FIRST PIPSQUEAK TO BE BORN IN CAPTIVITY!

NUDINE, BEING A TRULY FEMININE FEMALE, MADE THE MOST OF THE SITUATION...

I'M GOING TO BE A MOTHER!

I WANT SALT FISH EGGS AND HONEY..

BRING ME A SUGAR NUT!

AND THEN IT WAS TIME...

OW!

HEY! IT'S STARTING!

OW!

GET SMUG! BOIL SOME WATER!

OW!

NUDINE'S LABOR WAS TRULY AWE-INSPIRING AS HER PAINS GREW SHARPER AND MORE FREQUENT... AND PIP FELT THE PAIN BEGIN AGAIN...

OW!

OW!

THINKING IT A SYMPATHETIC SYMPTOM, HE TRIED TO IGNORE IT, BUT IT CONTINUED AFTER HER ORDEAL WAS OVER...

IT'S A BOY!

I'M A MOTHER!

A MOTHER!

...AND YOU'RE A FATHER PIP!

YEAH?

...SUDDENLY HE COULD STAND IT NO LONGER, AND IT CAME OUT...

HOW DO I KNOW IT'S MINE?

OH, I DON'T KNOW..

...YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!

DADDY!

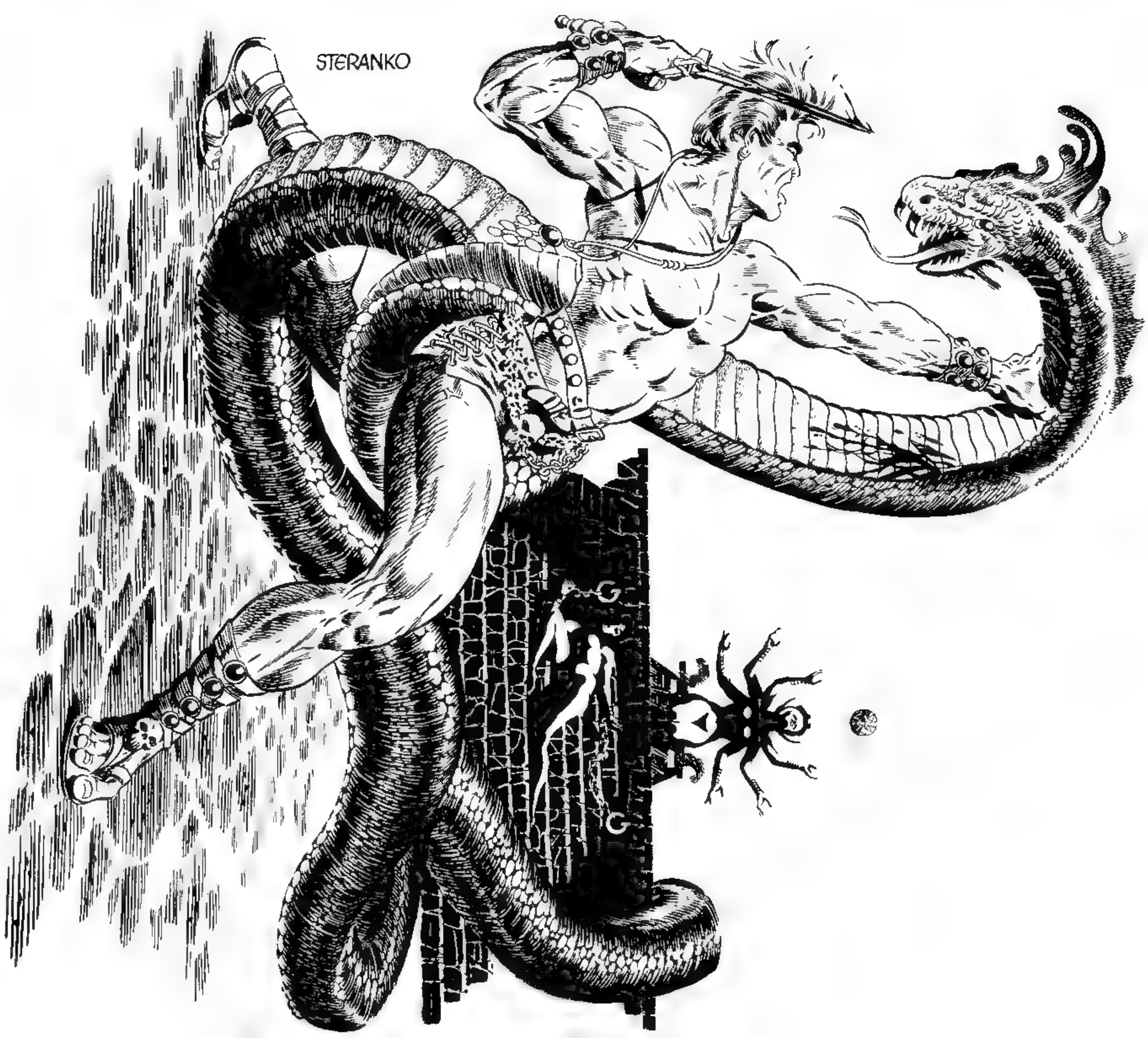
# PREVUE

# The adventures of TALON

By
Jim Steranko

Copyright © Jim Steranko 1968

STERANKO


STERANKO

# HOMESICK

MY NAME IS BURNE VALOR THIS IS ATLANTIS, MY HOME · IT IS A LAND OF BEAUTY AND ADVENTURE · OF PEACE AND CONTENTMENT I AM HAPPY HERE

…OF COURSE, THINGS LIKE THIS DO HAPPEN NOW AND THEN

Copyright © Roger Brand 1968

...BUT I DON'T LET IT BOTHER ME.

KAHLUA? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

...YES, BURNE YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE — AGAIN...!

NOW, KAHLUA...

...OH, BUT BURNE! IF YOU COULD BUT KNOW HOW MUCH MY LOVE, ADMIRATION, AND RESPECT FOR YOU INCREASE EACH TIME YOU SAVE MY LIFE...

ANYWAY, HERE COMES YOUR SIDEKICK...

HALLO BURNE!!

I'VE BEEN WALKING FIE-DOH!

...GOOD, HJGHMORE.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, IT'S A VERY SATISFYING EXISTENCE. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, A LOYAL SIDE-KICK, A PET LIZARD... WHAT MORE COULD A MAN ASK FOR?... NOW, WE WANDER INTO TOWN.

AS I SAY, ATLANTIS IS A PLACE OF BEAUTY I PITY ANYONE WHO DOESN'T LIVE HERE · IT COULD ALMOST BE THOUGHT OF AS AN "ESCAPE WORLD", HA, HA ! I STILL CAN'T GET USED TO THE FACT THAT I LIVE HERE · WHY SHOULD I BE SO LUCKY —?

· OH, WELL · QUESTIONING DESTINY IS A FOOL'S ERRAND · HERE WE ARE IN TOWN ··

THAT'S BURNE VALOR !

· WHERE THIS HAPPENS EVERY TIME ! *DAMN !!*

IT IS ?
WHO ?
BURNE VALOR ?
WHERE ?
WHICH ONE
SIGH
SWOON
BURNE VALOR
HE SLEW A MONSTER
WHY
HE SAVED KAHLUA AGAIN

· I *HATE* THIS !

SURE YOU DO JUST SMILE, BURNE · IT WILL BE OVER SOON ·

PEOPLE ARE ACTUALLY GATHERING TO SEE ME ! I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND ··

DON'T THEY MAKE A LOVELY COUPLE ?

HUGHMORE MAKES THREE

DRAT ! THE WOMEN ALL *LOVE* HIM !

· THOUGH I MUST SURELY CREDIT THEIR REMARKABLE TASTE · — WHAT ? THERE'S NO ESCAPE ! SO SILLY !

HM ?

MR VALOR ? PLEASE ? COULD WE HAVE YER AUTOGRAPH ?

— FUN, THOUGH ANYHOW, I'M THIRSTY · LET'S FIND A PUB ··

WHERE IS HUGHMORE ?

I THINK HE'S TRYING TO OFFER THE GIRLS HIS AUTOGRAPH ··

OF COURSE, HUGHMORE CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM US FOR LONG ·

WELL, I'LL JOIN YOU, SINCE YOU'RE DROWNING YOUR SORROWS IN DRINK

SORROWS ? BUT HUGHMORE, WE HAVE NO SORROWS !

· NOW, KAHLUA BE KIND ··

*NO !!*

BURNE ! WHAT · ?

FOR A MOMENT · FIE-DOH LOOKED LIKE SOME STRANGE BEAST — LIKE I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE —

— BUT HE LOOKS FINE — NOW ··

BURNE VALOR! WE NEED YOUR HELP! COME QUICKLY!

..WHAT?

WE'RE BEING ATTACKED—BY KHARNIVORE!

NO TIME TO LOSE! LET'S GO!

OH, BURNE..!

HUGHMORE! MY SWORD!

OF COURSE, I WELCOMED A GOOD BATTLE, BUT I MUST ADMIT...

...EVEN I WAS UNPREPARED FOR THE SCENE OF BRUTAL CARNAGE THAT MET MY EYES OUTSIDE - KHARNIVORE AND HIS EVIL HORDES WERE EVERYWHERE, BLASTING ALL OPPOSITION WITH A HORRIBLE ELECTRONIC THERMO-BEAM...

STAY BACK, DOG OF GOODNESS, OR I'LL-

-AAAII-GGHKK-%*!!

NO! NOT AGAIN!

..WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY EYES? IT LOOKED LIKE HIS MOUNT TURNED INTO A HORSE!

-"HORSE"? HOW DID I KNOW WHAT IT WAS?

· I'M GOING CRAZY!
· UH?.. KAHLUA!!

HELP! BURNE!

LET ME GO, KHARNIVORE!

NO CHANCE OF THAT, MY PRETTY!

HEH, HEH, HEH!

BURNE VALOR! SURRENDER OR KAHLUA DIES!

I'VE GOT TO STOP KHARNIVORE!. AND SAVE KAHLUA! BUT HOW...?-I HAVE IT!

THE MECHANISM FROM ONE OF THESE HEAT BLASTERS

· AND A COIL OF ROPE, AND GO BEHIND THIS HILL, AND ..

WHAT'S THIS LABEL "SEARS AND ROEBUCK"

· NOW HOW WAS I ABLE TO READ THAT?

NO MATTER! NOW JUST TIE THIS HEAT DEVICE TO THE ROPE, AND...

SSSWISHHHHKKKKRAKKLLE

AAAAII-E-E-EE

KRAKAKA-

VOOOSHTZZT

HA! THEY'VE GIVEN UP! I'VE WON!

AND NOW, ME PROUD BEAUTY, I'LL — WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

WITH THE DEFEAT OF KHARNIVORE, THINGS SETTLE BACK TO NORMAL.

BURNE, YOU'RE A HERO! YOU'VE SAVED KAHLUA! ..NOT TO MENTION ALL OF ATLANTIS!

AWW!

..AND WE'RE HAVING A BANQUET FOR ..WHAT'S WRONG?

WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE CLOTHES?

WHY I'VE HAD THEM SO LONG, I'VE FORGOTTEN WHERE I GOT THEM. IS THERE SOMETHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THEM?

BURNE, WHAT'S WRONG?

I'M GOING INSANE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE WEARING...—AND FIDO! I MEAN FIE-DOH! I THOUGHT HE WAS A DOG!..

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW!

A "DOG"? WHAT'S A "DOG"?

SURELY NOT YOU, FIE-DOH!

BURNE, I THINK YOU'RE JUST TIRED. LET'S GET IN YOUR CHARIOT AND RIDE TO THE BANQUET HALL WHERE YOU'RE BEING LAUDED...

YES, BURNE, YOU KNOW YOU'RE—

I'M GOING CRAZY!!!

OH.. BURNE! WHAT'S WRONG?

AND NOW ... AT THE BANQUET—

...THE HERO OF THE HOUR, BURNE VALOR!...

... LESTER SIMMONS! A MAN WHO FOUGHT A VALIANT BATTLE, AND WON ...

... A BATTLE FOR HIS SANITY!

LESTER, THE PSYCHIATRIC REVIEW BOARD IS CONVINCED YOU'RE SANE! WE'RE RELEASING YOU FROM THE "HOME"! CONGRATULATIONS, AND GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU

NO NO NO NO THIS IS NOT SANITY I WAS ONCE SANE BUT I'M NOT SANE NOW THIS ISN'T REAL THIS IS MADNESS WHAT'LL I DO I'M NOT LESTER I'M BURNE OH NO NO NO

AND NOW I'VE GOT TO WALK OUT THAT DOOR—

KEEP PUNCHIN'!

NO! NO OH GOD OH CHRIST LET ME OUT OF HERE…!!

…GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF, HANG ON —

…NOW, STEADY, CALMLY… GOT TO GET INSIDE SOMEWHERE…

ARE YOU TRYNA BE FRESH, MISTER?

NO… EX-CUSE ME. I THOUGHT YOU WANTED MY AUTO-GRAPH…

…A BAR. WHERE'S A BAR — WHAT'S THAT?

"AUTOGRAPH" @★‡%!! …NUT!

YIP YIP!

FIE-DOH!

HOW DID YOU KNOW HIS NAME, SIR?

COME ON, FIDO!

AS I SAY, MY NAME IS BURNE VALOR. I KNOW IT IS. I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL GET BACK TO ATLANTIS, BUT SEEING FIE-DOH GIVES ME HOPE…

…ANYWAY, I'LL NEVER STOP TRYING UNTIL I GET THERE.

KAHLUA.

RIGHTO…

The END

# OUR PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE, PHILOSOPHY, MOTIVES AND EXCUSES

Most of our mail concerns subscriptions. Several people have a hand in the processing of this mail, and although it's somewhat less complex than a General Motors assembly line, we do attempt to fill your orders as efficiently as possible.

You will find most of the information you require on this page. If you have additional questions, or you can't sleep nights until you receive confirmation that we are alive and humming in our little box here in Ansonia and have not forgotten you, by all means write; but, you will not receive an answer unless you include a self-addressed, stamped envelope or postcard.

Unfortunately, we simply cannot answer all your letters concerning the content and scheduling of the magazine. Doing so would forfeit what little time we do have to produce this melange; which would, of course, consequently prompt a million more "Where is it?" letters. A frustrating merry-go-round.

Speaking for all Witzend contributors, we are interested in sincere opinions, and, believe it or not, they form an important criteria by which we produce and edit our work.

To those hundreds of loyal readers who have taken the time to write, we thank you for your understanding, and hope we can continue to satisfy you with at least part of each issue.

Witzend doesn't support anybody. It's a labor of love to everyone involved. We can't promise anything except to try our best to present the biggest variety of the best we can get our hands on. Stick with us for some surprises.

## LETTERS OF COMMENT

If you have genuine criticism, praise, or suggestions you would like to convey to a particular contributor, address your envelope as shown below, and it will be forwarded.

Joe W. Blow/Personal
c/o WITZEND MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 882, Ansonia Station
New York, N.Y. 10023

We're considering a letter column, so let us hear from you!

## SCHEDULE OF PUBLICATION

We endeavor to produce one issue of Witzend every three months. Invariably, we fail. We shall continue trying to produce one issue every three months. Maybe we'll never make it. Maybe sooner or later we'll decide never to try ever again. If that day ever comes, we'll take the thousands of dollars you've sent in for subscriptions, and run away to Arabia and live in a palace.

## BACK ISSUES

We have issues 2, 3, and 4 available at $1.00 per copy. We do not have any copies of issue #1, nor do we know where you can find it. As back issues are depleted, we will automatically add issues to your subscription, unless you specify that you want the back issues only.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Would you believe there are two Delmar Q. Freemboggles in Clubfoot, Nebraska? Well, one of those Freemboggles was sure sore when we sent his copy to that other Freemboggle who moved back to Idaho. Folks out there in Readerland! Heed me oh tribes of people! We're massed in shifting waves of humanity. Within three centuries, oceans of human flesh will be swamping our planet. Please send both your old address as well as your new one. Subscribers must assume responsibility for copies returned due to incorrect or insufficient address. We ain't alone, Freemboggle!

## CONTRIBUTIONS

We love to look at your stuff. If you're good, we'll use it. Before taking all the time and trouble I'll demand in the next paragraph, look at your work as an editor. Compare it to the work you see in Witzend, and other magazines. Remember that no one becomes an artist or a writer overnight, or with his first few attempts. It takes years to develop even richly inborn talent.

Having decided you're a genius, send a large enough, self-addressed stamped envelope to return your contribution should we decide otherwise....and good luck.

## DEALERSHIPS

DOMESTIC: We're eager to find as many outlets as possible for Witzend. You qualify as a distributor if you order 10 copies or more of one issue. Our standard discount for all United States' orders is 40%. This brings the price down to 60c per copy when you order in volume. We pay all postage.

FOREIGN: Only one factor differentiates between Domestic and Foreign discount allowable....the increasingly prohibitive postal rates. As a result, we can only offer a 25% discount to overseas dealers.

We realize, with regret, that foreign subscribers are already paying up to twice as much in comparative international value, which is neither their fault or ours, and we can only say thank you for your extra enthusiastic appreciation of our efforts.

Bearing in mind that we cannot afford the extra expense of a billing system, we must demand that all orders include full payment in advance. Also, we cannot accept returns; so please do not order more copies than you can easily distribute.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

We are gratefully accepting subscriptions up to and including issue number eight. Subsequent plans will be announced in that issue.

## CURRENT ISSUE

This is the current issue. If you've subscribed beyond this issue, your next issue will be sent out just as soon as it's available.

I HAVE BEEN REQUESTED BY MY FRIENDS IN THE AVANT-GARDE INTELLECTUAL LITERARY COMIC BOOK BUSINESS TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENTS...
FRIENDS! ART LOVERS! THRILL SEEKERS! FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY, YOU WILL RECEIVE FOUR ISSUES OF
WITZEND
FOR ONLY FOUR DOLLARS! SINGLE COPIES ARE ONE THIN DOLLAR, THE TENTH PART OF A TEN SPOT! AS A SPECIAL FREE BONUS, YOUR COPY WILL BE MAILED FLAT IN A HANDSOME, STURDY, EXPENSIVE ENVELOPE! WITZEND MAKES NO MEDICAL CLAIMS, WITZEND HAS NOT BEEN GRANTED THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL OF APPROVAL, BUT OF WITZEND, PABLO PICASSO HAS THIS TO SAY... "WHAT IS IT?" MORE COPIES OF WITZEND HAVE BEEN SOLD THIS YEAR THAN EVER BEFORE! THANK YOU.

WITZEND BOX 882 ANSONIA STATION NEW YORK CITY 10023

DEAR WITZEND.
I AM EITHER OVER 21 OR A CORRUPT JUVENILE. I'M BROADMINDED AND AFFLUENT. SEND ME YOUR FILTHY BOOK.

NAME _____

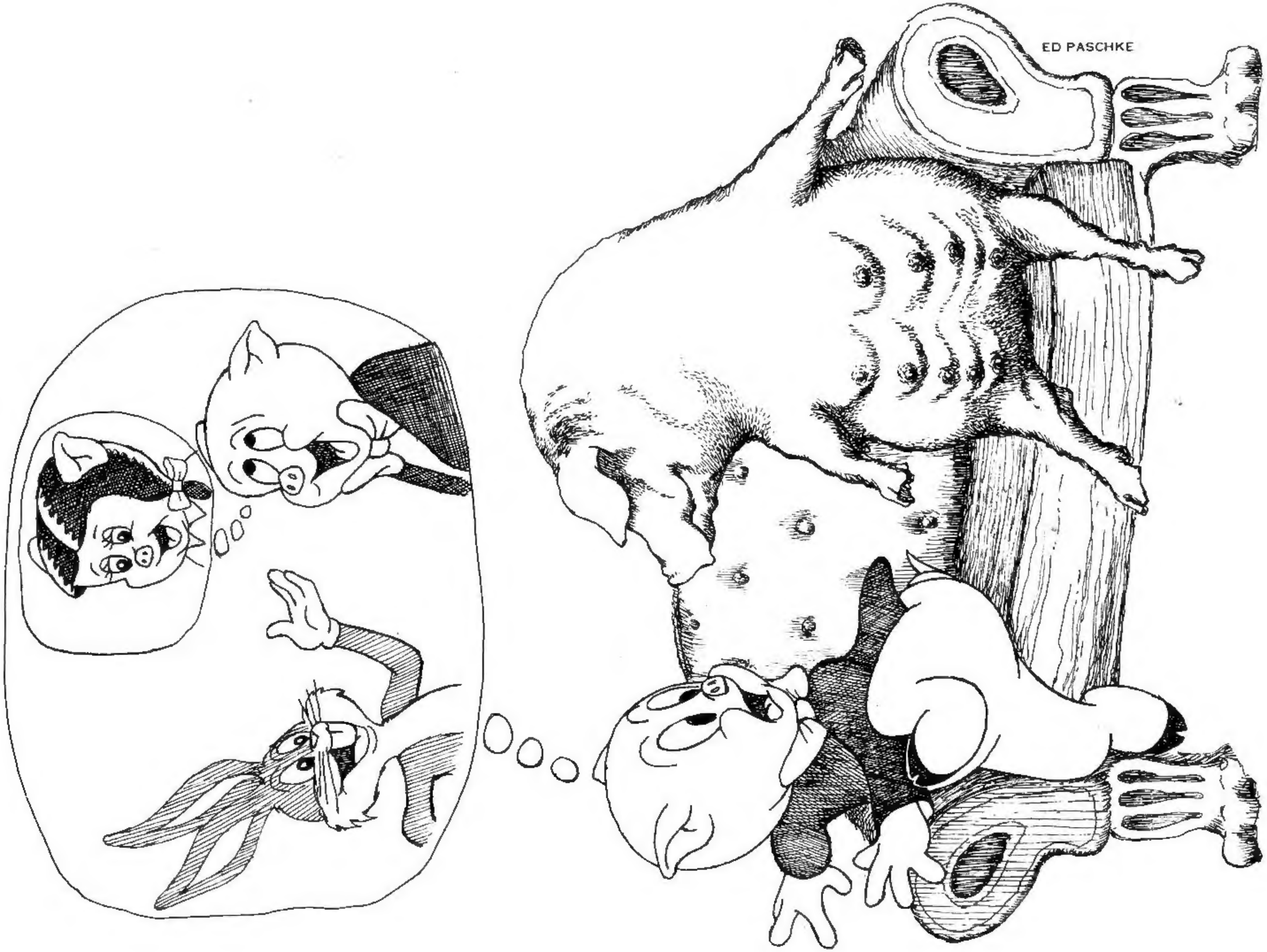
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP!

CIRCLE YOUR CHOICES

1 OUT OF PRINT. SORRY.
2 3 4 5 AVAILABLE NOW
6 7 8 DUE SOON!

PLEASE DO NOT SUBSCRIBE BEYOND ISSUE NO. 8


ED PASCHKE